Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS JUNE 23, 1951

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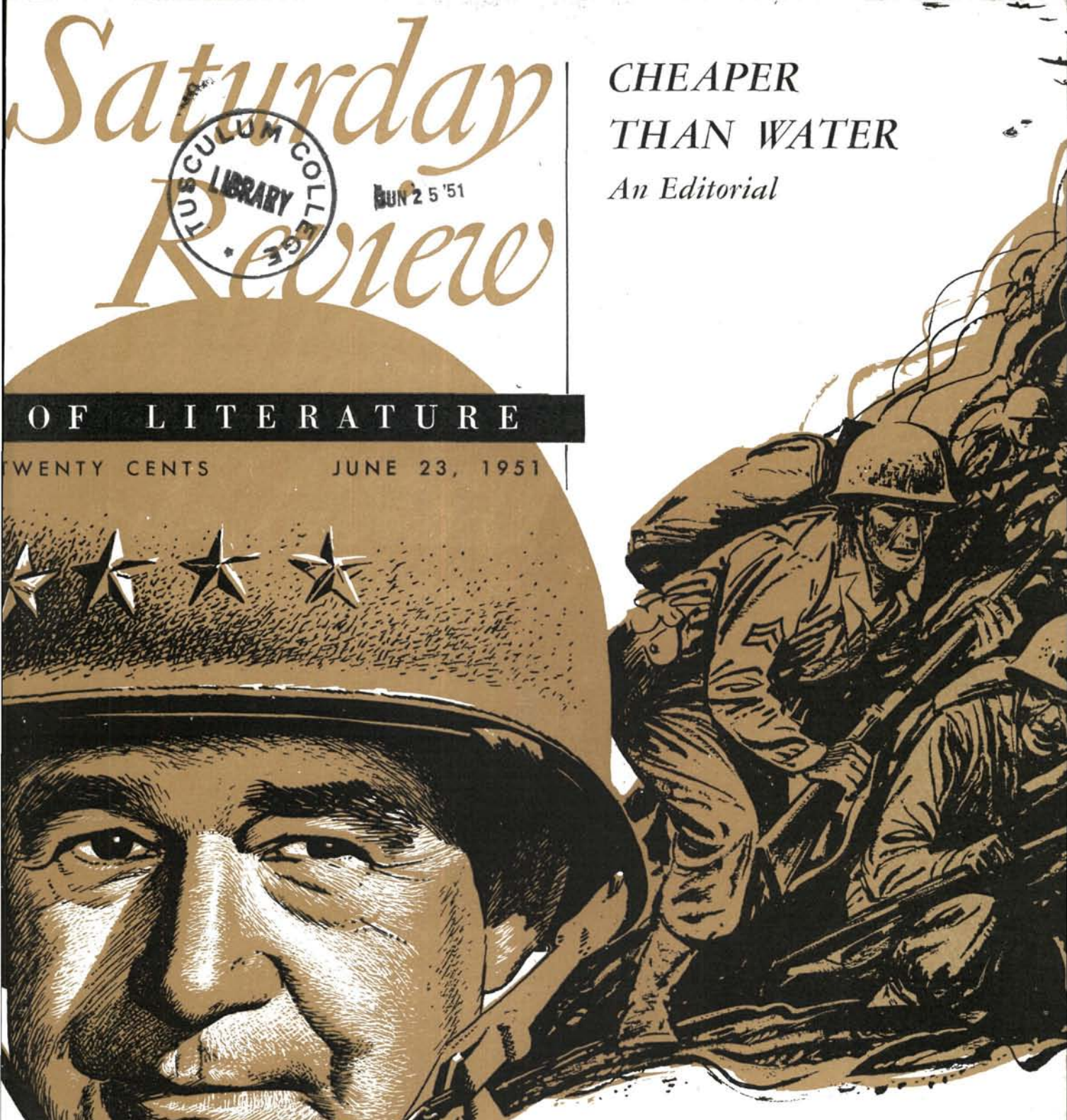
An Editorial



Omar N. Bradley, author of "A Soldier's Story." (See page 15)

Our Colleges Are Losing Their Minds

By MILLARD C. FAUGHT

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Since its first radio broadcast the Boston "Pops" Orchestra has received enthusiastic response from music-lovers across the nation. Formerly limited to near-residents of Boston, the "Pops" concerts are now available to radio listeners everywhere for *one full hour* every Monday evening. Currently in its 66th concert year, the Boston "Pops" Orchestra presents a varied program of music—from preludes and overtures to marches and minuets. Each concert is designed for informal listening and is masterfully arranged and conducted by Arthur Fiedler.

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This Week

June 23, 1951

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

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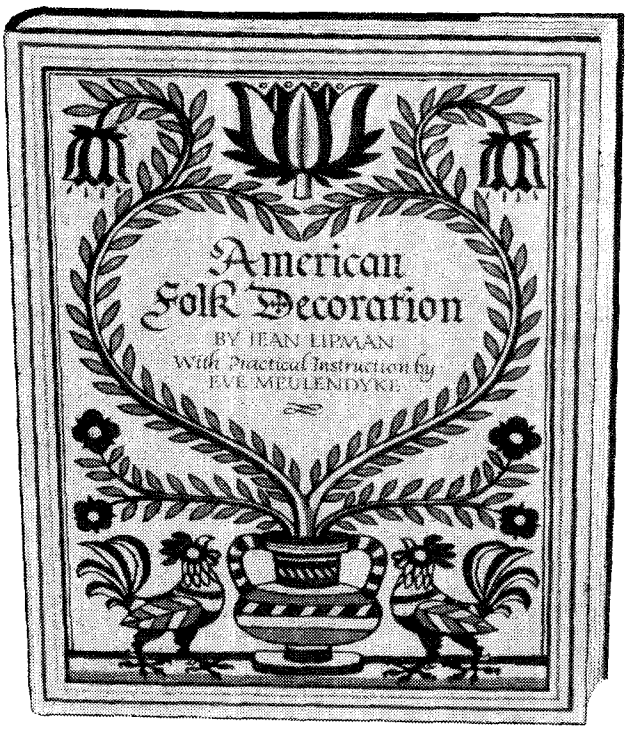

By JEAN LIPMAN
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This unique book tells you how to reproduce traditional hand-painted decorations and how to select the designs most appropriate to your home. Complete and authoritative, it gives you detailed instructions for preparing surfaces, applying and enlarging patterns, what materials to use, antiquing modern paints to achieve authentic colors, and finishes. Here is a practical guide to a delightful and useful hobby which will enable you to decorate your home simply and attractively.

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Nearly 200 halftone illustrations enable you to study priceless originals which represent the most interesting varieties of folk design. There are more than fifty line drawings with detailed information for reproducing the original designs.

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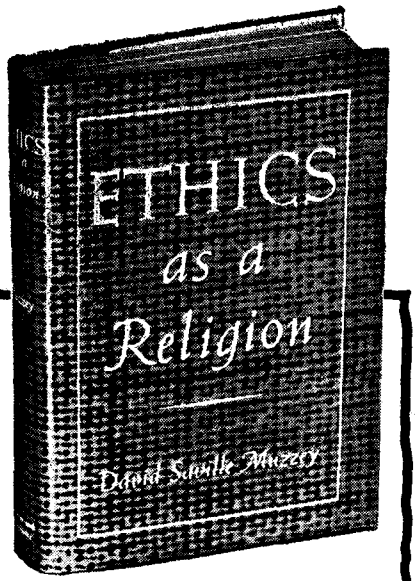

For thoughtful men and women who feel spiritually homeless

THIS BOOK is for people who can no longer fully accept the traditional religions of the churches or synagogues.

It offers for their consideration a religion of Ethics based on the inherent dignity of man—a religion which substitutes for the Golden Rule this Ethical maxim:

"Act so as to elicit the best in others and thereby in yourself."

Ethical Culture, as presented in this book by the eminent historian, Dr. David Saville Muzzey, is no Spiritual Aspirin. It offers no easy comfort for the lazy conscience. Although gentle in spirit, it makes inexorable demands on the individual. It is a guide to right living which has enlisted the reverence of thousands all over the world since the Ethical Culture Society (of which Dr. Muzzey is a leader Emeritus) was founded, 75 years ago, by Dr. Felix Adler.

People who are not easy with the old faiths, and yet are unwilling to live in a moral vacuum, may find the spiritual sustenance they are seeking in

ETHICS AS A RELIGION

By DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY

$2.75 at all bookstores. Or direct from SIMON AND SCHUSTER, PUBLISHERS, Dept. R, 1230 Sixth Ave., New York 20

TRADE Winds

THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE

IT IS THE FASHION of the day to mock gently the clichés and exaggerations that feature most jacket blurbs. Cass Canfield, of *Harper's*, however, recalls one blurb that led to the questioning of an important statesman by a joint Congressional committee.

"It was Sumner Welles," writes Mr. Canfield, "who told me that in the Pearl Harbor Investigation he had been questioned in connection with the copy on the jacket of 'The Time for Decision.' I've gotten around to digging up the testimony and enclose what I found, not unmindful of the fact that a mention of Welles's newest book, 'Seven Decisions That Shaped History,' might be helpful. Here's the excerpt from page 509 of the official record:

> Senator Ferguson: One of the reasons I have asked you quite a number of questions, Mr. Welles, is that you had written a book "The Time for Decision," and I noticed on the cover it had: "Only a handful of men in the world would have had access to the information on which this book is based." Naturally, I assumed that I had one of the men on the witness stand, or before me today, from whom I might get this information. So if you will just bear with me a little, while I ask you questions.
>
> Mr. Welles: I am entirely at the disposal of the committee and yourself, Senator Ferguson. If you will permit me to make an observation with regard to my own feelings of modesty, however, an author is not always responsible for the blurbs on the covers of his publications.
>
> Senator Ferguson: Even though he may benefit from that . . . !

(The testimony then continues along other lines.)

FRITZ JACOBI, of NBC, writes about a contretemps between President Truman and H. V. Kaltenborn. HVK inscribed a copy of his "Fifty Fabulous Years" to "Harry Truman, who gave undeserved fame to a radio commentator by his able imitation of an inaccurate election night prediction." Back came a note from the Pres, charming but slightly miffed, pointing out that ten pages were missing and hoping that they had not been purposely omitted for political reasons.

After a feverish investigation Kaltenborn wrote back:

> Dear Mr. President:
> Is my face red! But, would you believe it, the one defective copy of "Fifty Fabulous Years" that has turned up had to be the one the author sent to the President of the United States.
> I am forwarding another dedicated copy after checking each of the 312 pages.
> You may not have time to read the book, but a quick check of the index will prove to you that every Truman reference conveys the very friendly feeling that I have always had for you. Ashamedly yours. . . .

TRADE WINDS READERS with long memories may recall my reprinting a scurrilous letter from one Yakub Sidi Ben Kuweit Saadi Pasha addressed to the English publisher and *bon vivant* Hamish Hamilton after the latter had permitted an uncomplimentary remark concerning Yakub Sidi's ancestors to creep into one of his esoteric publications. Outraged by Hamilton's public airing of the affair, a blood relative of Yakub Sidi named Yamin Souf Something-or-Other slipped the following threat under Hamilton's blotter while the distinguished man-of-letters was out trying to bag an autographed picture of Miriam Hopkins:

> Hullo, Mister Hamilton!
> Have read wit disturbense jokge pubellish by His Excellentcy Bennet

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Cerf, and dread for both iour future. Big offens in Yemen to ackuse man to have beerd even if obfious, and to say him stranger even worsse. My Cusin Yakub Sidi Ben Kuucit Saadi Pasha now no longer wit us as dead was. He assassinated wile try himself assasssinate Minister from Ackricutur, Abd El Ibrahimi Fatra'a'lag Hussein who rat, but importand rat in gouvernement. I reveal to you your name tipicle Yemenese lowe-cast, Hamish is Turkis corrupshion our word Ham'id, or Delite, or Turkis Delite. Ham is Ha's, son, il is', of; ton is taaan, bitch. Likeway Bennet Cerf is arisocriltick untuchaple name. Ben is ouah word Ben, litel; Net our word A'h', grass-hoppit; Cerf our word Z'ef, wich mean dropping. Also mean luxurius, but not this case. Sutch reveal mean that you both avalabel ritual-murder. Traditchion-el sport Yemen Cerf-riding, goot for rider, orribil for Cerf. Now abanden tooo crewel. Just pig-stik, bare-bait, and joker-crusificktion left, orribil enuf. Bewar, guys that are wise, for wistom not unestand Yemen.

Your blood-foundling
YAMIN ' SOUF' AL SOUK
KAR'HLAD'Y BEY
M. A. Istanbul
Professor of Hierarchy,
University of Uz
Ex Consul-General in
Limoges, etc.

MAC BENOFF has kindly clarified the rules governing vehicular traffic in the Hollywood belt—and woe be to transgressors!

Low-priced cars may overtake medium-priced cars on main traffic arteries of Hollywood but never on side streets. If medium- or low-priced car wishes to overtake high-priced car the horn must be honked gently, and the honker may proceed only upon a similar signal being returned. English cars may never be overtaken by any car except Cadillac ambulances. Cadillac convertibles have right-of-way over English convertibles but not Jaguar, Bentley, or Rolls Royce sedans. English Fords or Austins do not count as imports but are regarded as medium-priced, American manufacture.

In the event of accident, *i.e.*, executive cars (major-lot producers, directors, and Academy-Award-winning writers) hitting cars of lesser standing (independent producers, directors, writers, and anyone else above assistant hairdressers), the executive remains seated in his car until other driver reaches him. If the other party has been hurt it is permissible for stretcher-bearers to carry him to executive's car. If unconscious the other party must give written notice within ten days after revival. If executive hears nothing within that time he has right to sue.

Lesser car being hit by executive car is not considered an "accident."

In event court action becomes necessary lesser party cannot engage law firm with more than three names, hyphenated names counting as two, e.g., Hinch, Smythe-Twombly & Bernstein (assuming they take the case) counting as four names. In the event executive wishes to settle out of court lesser party is not allowed to accept more than value of his own automobile. This is determined by taking to used-car lot before repair work is done and asking, "How much will you give me for it?"

In the event that writer is working for producer with same color and same model car writer must use another parking lot. Producer if under contract, however, may force writer to repaint car. If producer is not under contract and writer is producer may still enforce rule but must pay half of paint job.

Infractions on MGM, Fox, and

Why YOU WILL ENJOY THESE BOOKS

VENTURE IN THE EAST* by Bruce Lancaster

Because it's "a terrific adventure yarn about 17th Century Japan, tense, swift, and frightening" by a master of the historical novel *(Chicago Tribune)*. And because it's "more than a story of historical adventure; it helps to explain the unique phenomenon of an entire nation which managed to carry a medieval mentality smack into the 20th Century" *(Saturday Review of Literature)*. $3.00

THE CLOCKTOWER* by Gordon McDonell

Because it's "another Shangri-La . . . beautifully written" *(Bernardine Kielty, Ladies' Home Journal)*. "Remember the fascination Rumer Godden's *Black Narcissus* held for imaginative readers? Well, THE CLOCKTOWER holds much the same magic, the same quality of translating the reader to another world" *(Virginia Kirkus)*. $3.00

THE HUNTER by James Aldridge

Because it's "an extraordinarily moving and exciting story of a modern Ulysses" *(Joseph Barnes)*, "a swift and muscular yarn of the big north, full of action . . . ideal for summer reading." *(Saturday Review Syndicate)*. $3.00

A ROUGH SHOOT* by Geoffrey Household

Because it's the best hue-and-cry story Geoffrey Household has written since ROGUE MALE. "Hitting on all cylinders . . . Drop it in the vacation rucksack and you'll be off to a flying start" *(N. Y. Times Book Review)*. $2.50

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There is no mystery about the success of Charlotte Armstrong

Charlotte Armstrong, whose first mystery novel *Lay On, MacDuff!* was published in 1942, has established an enviable record in six books. Her first three titles were "straight" mystery stories, but they had a freshness of approach which raised them well above general level. In 1946, Charlotte Armstrong turned to a novel of suspense, *The Unsuspected,* and the result of this switch is now publishing history of the kind it is a pleasure to record. The total audience Miss Armstrong now commands is equaled by few other American writers in the vein.

Here is the list of Charlotte Armstrong titles to date:

Lay On, MacDuff! (1942)
The Case of the Weird Sisters (1943)
The Innocent Flower (1945) The Unsuspected (1946)
The Chocolate Cobweb (1948) Mischief (1950)

Of these titles 2,000,000 copies have been sold in reprint editions at 25c and 350,000 through book clubs. *The Unsuspected* was made into a successful motion picture and *Mischief* has already been purchased by Hollywood. *The Unsuspected* and *The Chocolate Cobweb* were serialized in the Saturday Evening Post and *Mischief* ran in Good Housekeeping. *Mischief* too had the added distinction of being chosen by the New York Times as one of the best novels of suspense in 1950. And Miss Armstrong was the winner of the $2,000. first prize in the most recent Ellery Queen Mystery Contest.

Now she has come up with a novel which has the greatest potential appeal of any of her books to date. This is *The Black-Eyed Stranger,* a story of suspense with a highly ingenious plot concerning a kidnapping to avert a kidnapping. It has everything that Charlotte Armstrong readers have come to expect from her in well-paced storytelling and the all-important element — surprise.

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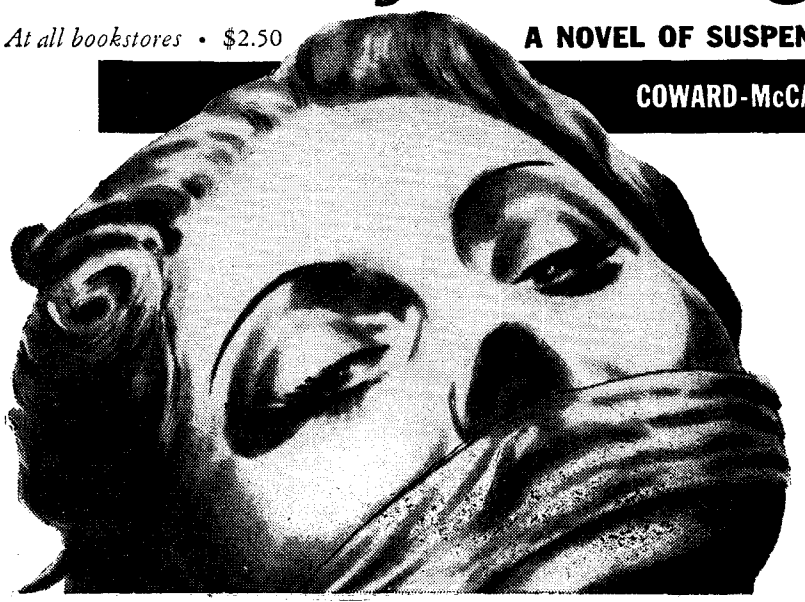
A NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

COWARD-McCANN



Paramount lots count double. Warners and Columbia are regarded as no-man's-land. Everything above also applies to Monogram, except substitute for the word "automobile" the words "motor scooter."

FROM DAVID A. BOEHM, of the Sterling Publishing Company:

We recently published a book entitled "Circus," the autobiography of George A. Hamid, the boy who used to sleep under the boardwalk at Atlantic City (due to poverty, of course) and twenty years later bought the Steel Pier. Of course we chose Atlantic City for an autographing party the day of publication and naturally we chose M. E. Blatt's department store to give the affair. We also lined up some baby elephants to attract a crowd, but at the last minute this was called off because of the cold weather.

Nevertheless, the ads drew a large crowd of kids, and the store was jammed. Hamid, new as an author but long a showman, gave his spiel and asked the customers to step up and get their copies of his "Circus" autographed. Up stepped the kids, books in hand—not his book but Simon & Schuster's "Golden Circus," copies of which they had found lurking in the background.

"What kind of business is this?" thought Hamid. "I never worked harder in my life and here I'm selling my competitor's product." On second thought and after a second glance at the kids' faces Hamid took out his pen and signed his name graciously in S & S's book. After running through dozens of kids' books he finally got to the adults and (luckily for us) some of them had purchased copies of Hamid's masterpiece.

Maybe you've heard of autograph parties like this before, but I can't say that I have.

Mr. Hamid may console himself that customers bearing other authors' books are better than no customers at all. At the risk of being accused by Patricia MacManus once more of "fouling my own nest," I repeat that autographing parties, unless they involve nationally famous personalities or local celebrities making an expertly ballyhooed appearance in their home town, are not only a waste of time and money but often an embarrassing ordeal to the author, the publisher, and the clerks and executives who must suffer through the awful moments while the author sits with pen poised in hand—and nobody comes near him.

It was after just such a harrowing ordeal that the late Max Perkins took a shattered author to a revival meeting at a bar on Fifty-Second Street. No sooner had they seated themselves than a waiter set down a tray nearby with twenty martinis on it. Max and the author gratefully imbibed ten apiece. Then they discovered the tray was intended for a party of twenty in the next room. —BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Our Colleges Are Losing Their Minds

MILLARD C. FAUGHT

—*Affiliated Photo.*
Millard C. Faught

THE TITLE of this article might be dismissed as silly if it were not literally and tragically true. All over the country as graduation time comes this year in small colleges and large universities hundreds of instructors and professors are getting "pink slips" after the diplomas have been handed out. Indeed, many a scholarly faculty member, discerning the handwriting in the draft legislation, already has found or is looking for another job.

With a large proportion of what would normally be next year's crop of students headed for pine barracks instead of ivied halls most of our institutions of higher learning are pulling in already tightened belts. And with economies already having been forced on the academic program by inflation and dwindling endowments there is only one major avenue of reduction left—to fire members of the faculty. This is a sad saving for any academic institution and a false economy for the nation.

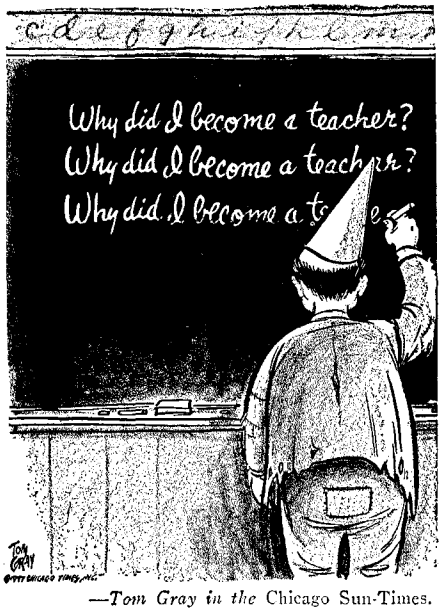
The trained minds and teaching talents of its faculty are the prime assets of any college or university, no matter how richly endowed it may be with books, blackboards, and bricks. Yet, although it takes years to assemble an able faculty, thousands of these brain-teams will shortly start disintegrating like migrant harvest crews. It may well be that this will prove one of the greatest wastes of "natural resources" to result from the defense effort, already so costly in lives, dollars, and materiel. Ironically, the present cold war will be a greater strain on academic institutions than was World War II, because a hot war requires emergency training projects that can be set up on college campuses and serves to compensate the institutions for the students it takes away. If the United States must endure several years of "garrison-state" existence our faculties may be decimated and our institutions attenuated by sheer attrition.

BECAUSE academicians are not traditionally skilled in raising of alarums or because they are wearied by years of struggling with deficits and are fearful of the "last resource" of asking for Federal subsidy the unneeded scholars may simply disappear quietly into other ways of life. The result will be undramatic but fundamental: ignorance will crowd in a little closer around our island of enlightened democracy. Not only will there be fewer social scientists, but there will be that much less cultural influence or philosophical protection in our society at a time when the emotional vultures of bigotry and mob hysteria are circling lower and lower. Such birds of prey cannot be bagged by guns or scourged away even by arsenals of atomic bombs. They can be slain only with ideas and information; they seem indeed to thrive best of all behind iron curtains. Since iron curtains are veils of the mind more than Maginots of steel, we should have proper concern for our academicians, who over the centuries have been the effective shredders of such veils.

The immediate problem is not one

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.
"June."

—*Burck in the* Chicago Sun-Times.
"Cradle of Liberty."



—*Tom Gray in the* Chicago Sun-Times.
"Write It 500 Times."

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of simply finding jobs for unemployed professors. That should prove relatively easy in our tight labor market, with its premium on skills of mind and hand. Our real objective should be to preserve intact our unique academic teams, whose combined skills and intelligence are enhanced by the very fact that they are teams, patiently assembled and adapted to working best in their natural habitat of a university campus. We will sorely need them when and if our youth can again uninterruptedly seek after learning. And society needs them now, judging from its daily grist of fresh problems that demand consideration by people whose business it is to think and to inquire—without the immediate urgency of having their thoughts and inquiry "pay off" on Saturday night's trial balance.

There is Olympic irony in the fact —and it deserves re-emphasis—that those professors in greatest jeopardy of losing their jobs are men in the social sciences or the "humanities." What a hollow laugh it is, when we consider that the root cause of our current world crisis stems from the fact that our technical scientists in their perfection of techniques of destruction are so far ahead of our social scientists, whose principal job it is to teach men how to live together peaceably and constructively!

So what are we doing? We are subsidizing without stint our technicians in the hope that they can widen our margin in the demoniacal race for atomic exterminators—and thank God we're still ahead. But why in the name of "national defense" do we so callously ignore those men who must provide the long-term therapy?

To pull the question down to the "realistic" level of dollars, where so much of our perspective has been anchored, why do we allow this purely economic crisis to decimate our social-scientist forces when the cost of preventing it—on a nationwide campus basis—would be less than the price of one battleship or a tidbit of the cost of an atom bomb? Indeed, there is reason to believe that the cost of salvaging our mortar-boarded manpower need not be added to the public tax burden at all, that the process could be made profitably self-liquidating.

We need, of course, cash for a short-run emergency. The Social Science Research Council is using a fund of $150,000 from the Twentieth Century Fund to put safety belts on some of the social-science chairs in hard-pressed colleges and universities. More recently the Ford Foundation has entered the picture in even a more substantial way. Under their newly-created Fund for the Advancement of Education they have announced a fellowship program of $2,280,000 designed "to increase the teaching skill of younger college instructors while reducing the shock of mobilization to college and university faculties."

Dr. Clarence H. Faust, president of the Fund, indicated that 500 fellowships would be created for two principal objectives: first, to make constructive use of the present emergency period by enabling a large number of younger teachers to increase their competence in undergraduate instruction; second, to assist colleges to keep a substantial number of promising young teachers who might otherwise be lost to academic life because of the potential curtailment of college operations by mobilization.

These programs should do much in the short run, and in particular for the younger social scientists, to "ease the shock." But for the longer run, in preference to subsidy, would it not be better to pay the social scientists, the humanities professors, and their academic institutions for value received by the communities and the society they serve—as well as for teaching students?

IF WE had figured our practical methods of doing this in the past we would not have this sudden short-run crisis on our hands. In fact, our humanists might have shown us how to solve enough of our problems of relationship—man *vs.* man, group *vs.* group, and nation *vs.* nation—as to have obviated many of our current crises altogether.

What we seem to need is not just more ideas or more facts but more vehicles for using what we already know about the science of society. Social scientists and college campuses are at least part of such vehicles. Part of their limited use to date has been an acute shortage of economic wherewithal. In the final analysis the bulk of this wherewithal has to come from the current earnings of the business community — virtually the only remaining source of revenue for private academic institutions anyway. So let's put the proposition in what is often loosely described as "hard-headed business terms."

First we might as well face up to the fact that, while the business community has learned to accept and utilize the services of economists, statisticians, accountants, and even sociologists (mostly in the guise of public-opinion experts), management still takes a dim view of social scientists and professors. This is a mite strange in light of the fact that the modern business executive is one of the most complex but pure strains of practising sociologist that ever existed. Business enterprise is a social science. It has specialized branches which use all manner of socio-economic techniques, many borrowed directly from the humanities, such as literature and history. Advertising would be worse off without these humanities than were the humanities before advertising. And what of market research, selling, labor relations, and that latest catch-all category of the business fraternity, public relations? Even the architects, engineers, designers, and other "technicians of the inanimate" must now check with their humanity-oriented brother technicians or borrow their methodologies in order to locate a new steel mill or design a new television set. Television, itself a nascent sociological revolution, is sending all manner of hard-headed businessmen scurrying to the child psychologists and the sociologists to find out what to do with this new electronic monster before its socio-economic consequences upset their balance sheets and investment portfolios.

Thus, if it is conceded that business as a social science is now more and more in need of the arts and skills of the ramifying socio-humanity disciplines and if it is further conceded that society at large is in dire and urgent need of help from the social sciences on every front—from the hardening of the arteries of democracy-at-work to the spiritual and moral need for a philosophy of living with the H-Bomb—then let us do something about this "accident of preparedness," which within a year if unchecked will decimate our present inventory of practising social scientists and stunt the growth of others for years to come.

What can we do? The suggestion which follows is probably too simple, but it would work. I say that categorically, after having observed a highly similar set of socio-economic problems solved in the past. The essence of the job to be done here is to find a *modus operandi* whereby businessmen and academicians can work together to benefit themselves and the community of which they are a part.

During the immediate postwar period I had the good fortune to participate in some of the work of the Committee for Economic Development under Paul Hoffman and to watch 3,000 local independent CEDs (manned by the same business and community leaders who could do *this* job) get

(*Continued on page* 48)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

A Prime Minister Sits

THE PECULIAR QUALITY of the relationship between Queen Victoria and Disraeli lay in the fact that as her friend he treated her as a woman to be wooed quite as much as a Sovereign to be worshipped. This was second nature with him, for his attitude to most women was of a semi-platonic, semi-amorous, half-courtly, half-familiar nature. At the end of his life he said to Matthew Arnold: "You have heard me accused of being a flatterer. It is true. I am a flatterer. I have found it useful. Everyone likes flattery; and when you come to Royalty you should lay it on with a trowel." If anyone but Disraeli had said this we could accept it without demur as a plain statement of fact, but where he is concerned the qualification is necessary that his flattery was instinctive; it was part of his desire for harmony, his love of pleasing women, of placating men. . . .

The proof that his behavior to her was largely spontaneous is that she, an extremely shrewd, candid, and open-hearted person, never suspected him of insincerity. . . . Victoria had an extremely sharp eye for character, missed nothing that was going on around her, and founded her likes and dislikes on a sure instinct for what was admirable and despicable in human nature. She knew that Disraeli's flattery expressed something poetic in his temperament, and what in another man would have been artificial in him was simply Oriental. Unless this is understood their relationship is mystifying, for it was more like that of a Queen with her favorite courtier than of a Sovereign with her Prime Minister: it was intimate but respectful, devotional but stately, affable but ceremonious. He seemed to know by instinct when to treat her as an equal and when to behave like a vassal.

Above all he amused her. His lack of shyness, his surprisingly unconventional conversation, his complete self-assurance, his insinuating manner, his reckless disregard of Court etiquette; such qualities, which in another would have enraged her, fascinated her in him, because they were an essential part of his humorous personality; and Victoria, though brought up in a rigidly proper manner and disciplined almost beyond endurance to duty and the gravity of her position, was naturally disposed to laughter. It was noticed that she smiled continually while talking with Dizzy, whereas her face was nearly always set in solemnity when conversing with any other of her Ministers. The amusement was not all on one side. He extracted every ounce of comedy from the situation in which he found himself; and as he could simultaneously admire, love, and laugh at a person, just as he could see something funny in a thing he revered, Victoria soon became for him "the Faery," perhaps because the contrast between her and Spenser's Faerie Queene or Shakespeare's Titania appealed to his sense of the ridiculous.

As a counsellor he made life easy for her, as a companion he made it delightful, her gratitude being expressed in a constant solicitude for his health, her pleasure in the cordiality of her behavior. "I can only describe my reception by telling you that I really thought she was going to embrace me. She was wreathed with smiles, and as she talked glided about the room like a bird." That was in August '74, when he was suffering from gout, and she actually asked him to sit down. . . . Although he refused on this occasion to take advantage of her offer, the time soon came when he sat through all their private talks, and he replaced the chair against the wall after each audience so that the breach of etiquette should not be observed. . . .

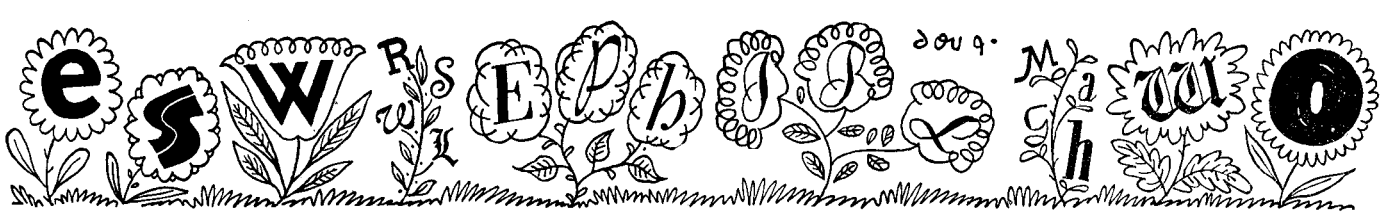
She never forgot his birthday; she gave him her views on friendship; she revealed her private opinions on politics and public life in a manner, as he put it, "very remarkable and such as, I think, were never addressed before to a Minister of State." She sent him flowers, books, and other presents frequently and ordered a copy of a picture of herself painted by Von Angelis to be especially done for him "by an excellent artist." When the copy was finished she showed it to him. "I think I may claim, Madam, the privilege of gratitude," he said, dropping on his knee. She extended her hand, which he kissed rapidly three times, and she gave him a squeeze.

—From "Dizzy," by Hesketh Pearson (to be published August 22 by Harper & Bros.).

You Were Happy

SHE WAS a funny girl, old Jane. I wouldn't exactly describe her as strictly beautiful. She knocked me out, though. She was sort of mucklemouthed. I mean when she was talking and she got excited about something, her mouth sort of went in about fifty directions, her lips and all. That killed me. And she never really closed it all the way, her mouth. It was always just a little bit open, especially when she got in her golf stance or when she was reading a book. She was always reading and she read very good books. She read a lot of poetry and all. She was the only one outside my family that I ever showed my brother Allie's baseball mitt to, with all the poems written on it. . . . She was interested in that kind of stuff.

My mother didn't like her too much. I mean my mother always thought Jane and her mother were sort of snubbing her or something when they didn't say hello. My mother saw them in the village a lot, because Jane used to drive to market with her mother in this La Salle convertible they had. My mother didn't think Jane was pretty, even. I did, though. I just liked the way she looked, that's all. . . . I don't want you to get the idea Jane was a goddam *icicle* or something, just because we never necked or horsed around much. She wasn't. I held hands with her all the time, for instance. That doesn't sound like much, I realize, but she was terrific to hold hands with. Most girls if you hold hands with them, their goddam hand *dies* on you, or else they think they have to keep *moving* their hand all the time, as if they were afraid they'd bore you



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or something. Jane was different. We'd get into a goddam movie or something and right away we'd start holding hands and we wouldn't quit till the movie was over. And without changing the position or making a big deal out of it. You never even worried with Jane, whether your hand was sweaty or not. All you knew was, you were happy. You really were.

One other thing I just thought of. One time in this movie Jane did something that just about knocked me out. The newsreel was on or something, and all of a sudden I felt this hand on the back of my neck, and it was Jane's. It was a funny thing to do. I mean she was quite young and all, and most girls if you see them putting their hand on the back of somebody's neck they're around twenty-five or thirty and usually they're doing it to their husband or their little kid—I do it to my kid sister Phoebe once in a while, for instance. But if a girl's quite young and all and she does it it's so pretty it just about kills you.

—From "The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger (to be published July 16 by Little, Brown & Co.).

Thinking Makes It So

THAT WE WERE of Jewish as well as German origin was passed over in silence or with slight embarrassment by my family, either because, as with my grandfather and his brothers Arthur and Felix Schuster, it was taken for granted or because, with his descendants, it was deliberately ignored. When we were children it was not mentioned to us that we were at least a quarter Jewish, and from the conversation of nurses and governesses I gathered that Jews were a strange race with hooked noses (I imagined them to be like fish-hooks) and avaricious manners, with whom I certainly had no reason to imagine that I had any connection. When at the age of sixteen I became aware of our Jewish blood I began to *feel* Jewish. At school, where there were many Hampstead Jews, I began to realize that I had more in common with the sensitive, rather soft, inquisitive, interior Jewish boys than with the aloof, hard, external English. There was a vulnerability, a tendency to self-hatred and self-pity, an underlying perpetual mourning amounting at times to spiritual defeatism about my own nature which, even to myself, in my English surroundings, seemed foreign. I have to admit that, although I was never anti-Semitic, I despised some of these qualities in myself which I thought of as Jewish, and my feeling for the English was as times almost like being in love with an alien race.

At Oxford one of my cousins told me that at Eton he had always been aware of something which made him and his brother "different" from the other boys; and now he suddenly realized what this was, he exclaimed bitterly: we were Jewish.

After this, I reacted against what I thought to be the embarrassment of my family about their Jewish blood. When editors started writing to me for biographical notes I emphasized in these my Jewishness: so that, as a result of certain comments in the Amer-

—From "On the Green Carpet."

ican anthologies of modern poetry, I am often written of in the United States as a Jew. This is not really the case, although perhaps there are two ways of being Jewish: one is to be a pure-blooded Jew, and the other is to have mixed blood, a considerable proportion of which is Jewish. Certainly the only trait common to most Jews is that of feeling "different."

But my grandmother would say that there is no such thing as a "pure Jew" anyway. If this is true Jewishness becomes more than ever a state of strong racial consciousness, often emphasized by inbreeding over a long period of time with people who have a similar consciousness of being pure Jews. In my grandmother's view the difference between being a "pure Jew" and having Jewish blood breaks down, because the "pure Jews" are after all only people of mixed blood. It could also be argued that a person with mixed blood can cease to be Jewish simply by not thinking of himself as such. This no doubt justified the silence with which the children and grandchildren of the Frankfurt Schusters treated the subject: they were burying it in unconsciousness. But it also justified my feeling, especially during the 1930s, that I was Jewish. Having mixed blood really puts one in the position of being able to choose whether or not to think of oneself as a Jew. One has the power more or less to become what one thinks.

—From "World Within World," by Stephen Spender (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).

The Good Green Poems

NEW ENGLAND has been home to me for over three hundred years. For I am child enough still, and poet, to believe that life is not so simply measured by one lifetime and that it does not begin with one's first steps, but was there mightily and magnificently before one took those first steps, was in those first steps, and will not break off with one's last. The older I grow, the more certain I grow that a man lives backward and forward of his here and now, more than he ever lives in the now, and has a familiar hand holding his own as he goes. I believe that what a man is he has been for a long, long time, that what he is will continue a long time after his time. I could not be a poet and not believe that. I can prove this with A. E. Housman and with William Shakespeare. . . . The New England people, who, when all is said and done, are New England's richest crop, have learned to fit well into their place. Better than most people, anywhere. . . .

These people have fitted the contours of their bodies and the configurations of their minds into the mountains, into their strong winds from the sea and the Arctic, into their forests, their small houses and vast barns and high churches, into the multitudinous rocks in their soil, the sharp angles of their weather, the tides they know and the eternities of their sea. They belong. And as people who belong so to a carpet perpetually green, they belong in literature, in poetry. And these people will likely be here for the purposes of poetry for a long time to come. There are harvests in New England still to be gleaned that are richer than any of the starry ones Emerson dreamed. For they are a tender green and all of one piece with Shakespeare's countryside, with his countrified kings and queens. They are the good green poems, wide as Virgil and Shakespeare and Herrick and the world. Thoreau did no more than make a mere beginning of bringing them in. . . .

As long as the geography of New England remains what it is, and the New England weather endures as the bright, hard whetstone it is, and as long as some people of old or new stocks inhabit that place and learn to get along in it, as my own northern

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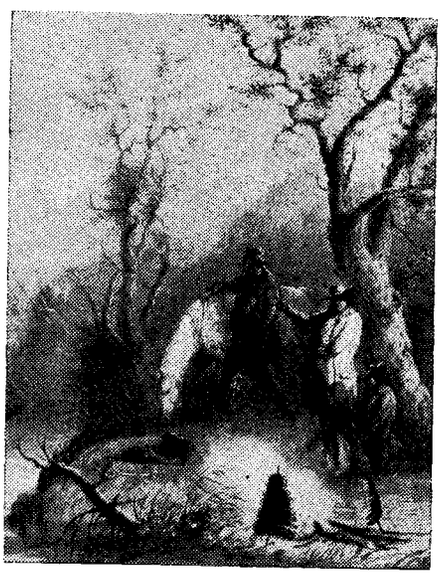
Once Upon a Time Out West

"Crow Indian on the Lookout."



"Roasting the Hump Rib."

"Indian Girl Swinging."

—*From "The West of Alfred Jacob Miller" (University of Oklahoma Press).*

"Hunting Buffalo"—the herd is urged toward a deep rift where it plunges to mass death.

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people have learned, so long will New England not want for poetry. The green carpets of its hills and woods and the blue and green carpets of its sea are good breeders and makers of good men and women and good poems. New Englanders will always be people of symmetry; people the better for the touch of sadness always on them.

—*From "On the Green Carpet," by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (The Bobbs-Merrill Co.).*

Wie Geht's, Swink

FLYING, you tell these towns apart as you tell stars—by constellation. This one, of about the fourth magnitude, with a smaller one to the north of it—that must be this one on the map. Those three-in-line, that's those.

What is it like, this American town? Well, it isn't crowned by no castle, that's for sure; and by no cathedral either. By an insurance skyscraper, more likely; or by a hotel, perhaps; but most likely by nothing. It is not fortified, and never was: no crowded Old Town, no ring-shaped boulevard where the Walls used to be. And it is not a village.

It is always a small city. It is laid out with streets at right angles, and has at its center a little Downtown, perhaps only two streets crossing each other, perhaps a few blocks. In there, it's naked and stony; it achieves a certain businesslike ugliness. . . .

The rest is quiet streets with little houses and lots of trees. It fades out into the farmland in an indifferent way—streets and avenues already marked out on the ground, but still empty. You can tell—it expects to grow. Add a few blocks on the outskirts, and the downtown gets a bit more stony. Keep adding, and Farmerville becomes Bloomington, Bloomington becomes Springfield, Springfield becomes, say, Indianapolis.

There is always a Wrong Side of the Tracks to the town. In the Thirties, when the price of paint made a bigger difference, this used to show up plainly. There is always a giant high school, and certain other standard furniture —a gasoline bulk plant, race track, "institution" (maybe a Veterans' Hospital, maybe a teacher's college, maybe a county poorhouse). . . .

Somewhere now, about a third of the way across the country, you notice something has changed. The fields are bigger; the air is clearer. Things have opened up. . . . The landscape is tidier. Each farmhouse sits on its land as if it had just been set there; each fence shows straight and strong, as if it had just been strung. Each town seems to say: "Look, I am a town." Things have a sharper edge to them.

What's happened is that you have crossed the line between the forest and the prairie—the line that was there in Indian days. The white man has cleared the forest and plowed the prairie and has made them both superficially alike—both farmland. But still the difference shows. Maybe it's the different color of the soil. . . . Maybe it is simply the drier, clearer air. At any rate, you have moved one more notch west.

Here, in the less cluttered country, your map reading must change. A town may be so small that it would rate only a circle, o, farther east: here it gets the full treatment. The map shows it as a yellow area, shaped like the town's built-up area. A town may be so small that farther east it wouldn't be on the map at all: here it gets at least an o, and a name. This, I like. It reminds you of the way each person counts for more out west. Go west, young man, and put yourself on the map.

And I like the names of those towns. It used to be that a prince would graciously call a town after himself—Williamstown or Fredericksburg or Charles' Rest, or what not. Out here, the ordinary man sat himself down, founded himself a town, and named it, by gosh, after himself. I like to check them as I fly: here comes Charlie. Howdy, Riley. *Wie geht's,* Hoehne. Hello, Kline. Landusky, Henderson, Milliken, Goessel, Weir, Swink, McPhee: how are you doing?

—*From "A Flier's World," by Wolfgang Langewiesche (McGraw-Hill Book Co.).*

Invading Oceans

MANY OF THE NATURAL wonders of the earth owe their existence to the fact that once the sea crept over the land, laid down its deposits of sediments, and then withdrew. There is Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, for example, where one may wander through miles of underground passages and enter rooms with ceilings 250 feet overhead. Caves and passageways have been dissolved by ground water out of an immense thickness of limestone, deposited by a Paleozoic sea. In the same way, the story of Niagara Falls goes back to Silurian time, when a vast embayment of the Arctic Sea crept southward over the continent. Its waters were clear, for the borderlands were low and little sediment or silt was carried into the inland sea. It deposited large beds of the hard rock called dolomite, and in time they formed a long escarpment near the present border between Canada and the United States. Millions of years later floods of water released from melting glaciers poured over this cliff, cutting away the soft shales that underlay the dolomite and causing mass after mass of the undercut rock to break away. In this fashion Niagara Falls and its gorge were created.

Wolfgang Langewiesche—"quiet streets."

Some of these inland seas were immense and important features of their world, although all of them were shallow compared with the central basin where, since earliest time, the bulk of the ocean waters have resided. Some may have been as much as 600 feet deep, about the same as the depths over the outer edge of the continental shelf. No one knows the pattern of their currents, but often they must have carried the warmth of the tropics into far northern lands. During the Cretaceous period, for example, breadfruit, cinnamon, laurel, and fig trees grew in Greenland. When the continents were reduced to groups of islands there must have been few places that possessed a continental type of climate with its harsh extremes of heat and cold; mild oceanic climates must rather have been the rule.

Geologists say that each of the grander divisions of earth history consists of three phases: in the first the continents are high, erosion is active, and the seas are largely confined to their basins; in the second the continents are lowest and the seas have invaded them broadly; in the third the continents have begun once more to rise. According to the late Charles Schuchert, who devoted much of his distinguished career as a geologist to mapping the ancient seas and lands: "Today we are living in the beginning of a new cycle, when the continents are largest, highest, and scenically grandest. The oceans, however, have begun another invasion upon North America."

—*From "The Sea Around Us," by Rachel L. Carson (Oxford University Press).*

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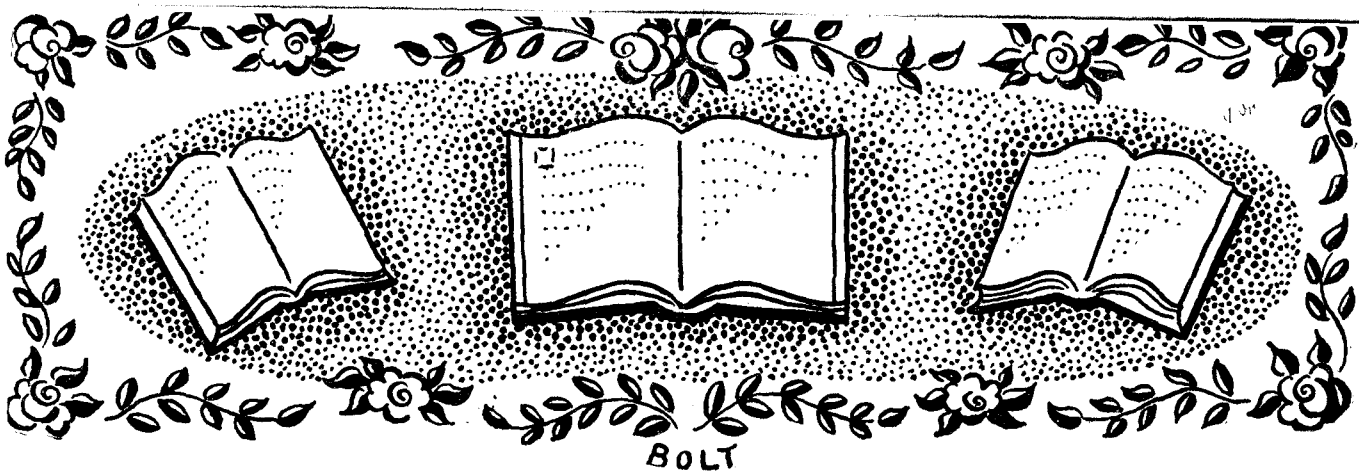

In the Critic's Hammock

Current Books Worth Reading

THE LACKLUSTER eyes with which the public has been regarding the wares on bookshop tables this past winter and spring should brighten and the long faces with which publishers have been greeting each other should shorten as the attractive titles promised for this summer and autumn start coming from the presses. A sample of the fine things to come is offered *SRL*'s readers in the lists of books recommended for reading this summer by the nation's newspaper reviewers.

Since hammocks are traditionally associated with fiction, happily the list of worthwhile novels and volumes of short stories is long and rich. Twenty-four critics representing newspapers in major cities in every section of the country recommended a total of fifty-five fiction works. The most frequently named are:

"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw (Random)—sixteen votes.

"The Ballad of the Sad Café," by Carson McCullers (Houghton)—six votes.

"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk (Doubleday)—five votes.

"Man and Boy," by Wright Morris (Knopf)—five votes.

"The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger (to be published July 16 by Little, Brown)—five votes.

"The Watch," by Carlo Levi (Farrar, Straus & Young)—five votes.

The past several seasons have been notable for the number and high quality of works other than fiction, and the trend continues this summer. The critics recommended sixty-three "general" works, of which the following were named most frequently:

"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley (Holt)—fourteen votes.

"The General Who Marched to Hell," by Earl Schenck Miers (Knopf)—eight votes.

"After the Lost Generation," by John W. Aldridge (McGraw-Hill)—six votes.

"The Sea Around Us," by Rachel L. Carson (to be published July 2 by Oxford)—six votes.

"Dizzy," by Hesketh Pearson (to be published August 22 by Harper)—four votes.

This is the third summer *SRL* has asked the critics to name five works of fiction and five general books worthy of the attention of discriminating readers. Their complete lists are printed below.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

J. F. ROTHERMEL
Birmingham News

General

"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley (Holt).
"Population on the Loose," by Elmer Pendell (Wilfred Funk).
"Independent Member," by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday).
"Liberties of the Mind," by Charles Morgan (Macmillan).
"Nature's Ways," by Roy Chapman Andrews (Crown).

Fiction

"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw (Random).
"The Foundling," by Francis Cardinal Spellman (Scribner).
"Nothing Serious," by P. G. Wodehouse (Doubleday).
"Sudden Glory," by Cid Ricketts Sumner (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The High Calling," by James Street (Doubleday).

ALICE DIXON BOND
Boston Herald

General

"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley.
"Family Kingdom," by Samuel W. Taylor (McGraw-Hill).
"The General Who Marched to Hell," by Earl Schenck Miers (Knopf).
"This Is War," by David Douglas Duncan (Harper).
"The Sea Around Us," by Rachel L. Carson (to be published July 2 by Oxford).

Fiction

"The Watch," by Carlo Levi (Farrar, Straus & Young).
"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"The Clocktower," by Gordon McDonell (Little, Brown).
"The Return of Christopher," by Margaret Echard (Doubleday).
"The Slave Ship," by Bruno E. Werner (Pantheon).

VAN ALLEN BRADLEY
Chicago Daily News

General

"Dizzy," by Hesketh Pearson (to be published August 22 by Harper).
"The Indigo Bunting," by Vincent

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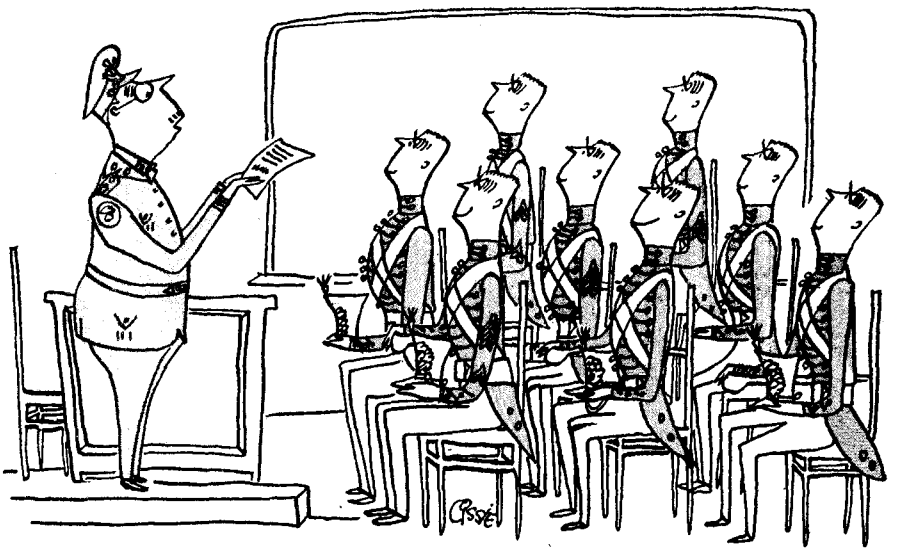

"Due to hundreds of requests the General has added a creative-writing course to the curriculum . . ."

Sheean (to be published September 19 by Harper).
"Independent Member," by A. P. Herbert.
"The Sea Around Us," by Rachel L. Carson.
"Good Food for Bad Stomachs," by Sara M. Jordan and Sheila Hibber (to be published July 19 by Doubleday).

Fiction

"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"Lie Down in Darkness," by William Styron (to be published August 20 by Bobbs-Merrill)
"The Loneliest Girl in the World," by Kenneth Fearing (to be published July 19 by Harcourt).
"The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger (to be published July 16 by Little, Brown).
"The Watch," by Carlo Levi.

EMMETT DEDMON
Chicago Sun-Times

General

"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley.
"World Within World," by Stephen Spender (Harcourt).
"A King's Story," by the Duke of Windsor (Putnam).
"After the Lost Generation," by John W. Aldridge (McGraw-Hill).
"Oxford Companion to the Theatre," edited by Phyliss Hartnoll (to be published July 19 by Oxford).

Fiction

"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk (Doubleday).
"Return to Paradise," by James A. Michener (Random).

FREDERICK BABCOCK
Chicago Tribune

General

"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley.
"A King's Story," by the Duke of Windsor.
"The General Who Marched to Hell," by Earl Schenck Miers.
"We Barrymores," by Lionel Barrymore and Cameron Shipp (Appleton).
"Miracle at Kitty Hawk: The Letters of Wilbur and Orville Wright," edited by Fred C. Kelly (Farrar, Straus & Young).

Fiction

"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"Mr. Smith," by Louis Bromfield (to be published August 22 by Harper).
"The Slave Ship," by Bruno E. Werner.
"Return to Paradise," by James A. Michener.
"April Snow," by Lillian Budd (Lippincott).

FREDERICK YEISER
Cincinnati Enquirer

General

"Heloise and Abelard," by Etienne Gilson (Regnery).
"Exile's Return," by Malcolm Cowley (Viking).
"Paracelsus," by Henry M. Pachter (Schuman).
"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley.
"Suleiman the Magnificent," by Harold Lamb (Doubleday).

Fiction

"Man and Boy," by Wright Morris (Knopf).
"There's One in Every Town," by James Aswell (Bobbs-Merrill).
"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"The Miraculous Barber," by Marcel Aymé (Knopf).
"The Watch," by Carlo Levi.

FRANK O'NEILL
Cleveland News

General

"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley.
"Miracle at Kitty Hawk," by Fred C. Kelly.
"Return to Paradise," by James A. Michener.
"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters and Charles Samuels (Doubleday).
"The Sea Around Us," by Rachel L. Carson.

Fiction

"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.
"The Ballad of the Sad Café," by Carson McCullers (Houghton Mifflin).
"Candles for Therese," by I. A. R. Wylie (McGraw-Hill).
"The Weight of the Cross," by Robert O. Bowen (Knopf).
"The Grand Portage," by Walter O'Meara (Bobbs-Merrill).

ROBERT I. SNAJDR
Cleveland Plain Dealer

General

"The General Who Marched to Hell," by Earl Schenck Miers.
"The Age of Elegance, 1812-1822," by Arthur Bryant (Harper).
"Congress, Corruption, and Compromise," by W. H. Wilson.
"Reunion and Reaction," by C. Vann Woodward (Little, Brown).
"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley.

Fiction

"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"The Slave Ship," by Bruno E. Werner.
"Fruit in His Season," by Helen Corse Barney (Crown).
"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.
"Rain on the Wind," by Walter Macken (McGraw-Hill).

ERNEST CADY
Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch

General

"Dominations and Powers," by George Santayana (Scribner).
"The General Who Marched to Hell," by Earl Schenck Miers.
"The China Story," by Freda Utley (Regnery).
"The New Turkey," by Eleanor Bisbee (Pennsylvania).
"The Battle Against Loyalty," by Nathaniel Weyl (Crowell).

Fiction

"The Captain," by Russell Thacher (Macmillan).
"The Teahouse of the August Moon," by Vern Sneider (Putnam).
"The Weight of the Cross," by Robert O. Bowen.
"The Ragged Ones," by Burke Davis (Rinehart).
"There Was a Little Girl," by Sylvia Dee (Macmillan).

LON TINKLE
Dallas News

General

"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley.
"The Watch," by Carlo Levi.
"The Forrestal Diaries," edited by Walter Millis (to be published October 8 by Viking).
"The General Who Marched to Hell," by Earl Schenck Miers.
"The Big Question," by John Fisher (to be published September 5 by Harper).

Fiction

"The Ballad of the Sad Café," by Carson McCullers.
"Mr. Smith," by Louis Bromfield.
(*Continued on page 44*)

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Personal History.

The lives of soldiers usually make engrossing stories, as much when they are enlisted in causes of the mind and spirit as of the sword. Omar N. Bradley is a professional soldier who has devoted his life to the military cause of the United States. In "A Soldier's Story," an account of his command in Sicily and Western Europe, he has written the best American memoir to come out of World War II. Roger Buliard is a French soldier in the service of the Cross who picked an unusual and arduous field for his battles. "Inuk" is his story of fifteen years spent bringing Christianity by precept and example to the Eskimo of the Canadian Arctic. Theodore Weld was a fighter against Negro slavery, whose influence was probably greater than William Lloyd Garrison's. Benjamin P. Thomas's biography of him is reviewed on page 42.

This Is the Way It Was Done

A SOLDIER'S STORY. By Omar N. Bradley. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 618 pp. $5.

By Robert S. Allen

"A SOLDIER'S STORY" is worthy of the GI's General. Like him, it is forthright, plain-talking, and highly capable; and it is outstandingly the best memoir so far published by a top battle commander of World War II. It is superb history and literature. In readability, organization of material, range, and authoritativeness of contents, in frankness and, above all, honesty this after-action report is in a class by itself. There is nothing comparable to it by a military commander in this or any other country. As World War II history it is surpassed only by the magnificent volumes of that peer of them all—Winston Churchill.

Undoubtedly there will be some who will be provoked by General Bradley's blunt statements. Partisans of this and that unit and individual are sure to be irked. General MacArthur's claque of zealots, for example, are certain to take violent umbrage at several fleeting but devastating references to him. The fact that they are dead-center bull's-eyes will make them only the more resented.

These penetrating remarks about MacArthur are extremely interesting in the light of the current imbroglio over the deposed Far Eastern commander. Bradley completed his book long before this explosion occurred, and the recent event had nothing whatever to do with what he says about MacArthur. Clearly, Bradley had been critical of him for years back. Thus, without originally intending to do so, "A Soldier's Story" discloses some very significant background on why MacArthur was finally ousted. Bradley couldn't have had any thought of doing that when he wrote his book, but that is exactly what it does.

The Senate investigators will find it very profitable to read these comments, particularly the following:

> One of the officers suggested [for a Corps command in the European invasion] was Major General J. Lawton Collins. As commander of the 25th Division on Guadalcanal Collins had relieved the Marines there and had promptly cleaned up that island. Known for many years in the Army as one of its bright young men, Louisiana-born Collins discovered he was far too young for the Pacific. MacArthur, even then a chipper sixty-four, preferred contemporaries in his command.
>
> At forty-eight Collins was little more than a stripling. Youthful for a division, there was little likelihood of his commanding a Pacific Corps. In Europe, on the other hand, most of us were nothing more than permanent lieutenant-colonels wearing Sears-Roebuck stars. Europe was obviously the best place for Collins to get ahead.

Yet, despite Bradley's outspokenness, no one can fairly accuse him of malice or rancor. He is as generous in praise as he is blunt in criticism.

And he is equally candid regarding plans and operations. Bradley doesn't claim that everything worked out according to prior concept and schedule, that no mistakes were made, and that all came out for the best. Above all, he doesn't profess to have done all the masterminding himself and to have won the war singlehanded.

"It would be foolhardy for me to assert," writes Bradley, "that every tactical maneuver of the war in Europe was brilliantly conceived and executed. Generals are human. I know of none immune to error. . . . There is no place in a democratic state for the attitude that would elevate each military hero above public reproach simply because he did the job for which he has been trained and is paid to do."

A very sensible and decent statement. But try to recall anything like it by another four- or five-star general or admiral. You can't; it doesn't exist.

In every respect "A Soldier's Story" is a book far different from and much better than the others in the same category that have appeared in the last

[Eisenhower, Churchill] Bradley: "Generals are human. I know of none immune to error."

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four years. Bradley tells all about the blunders—plenty of them from Africa to the Elbe, bitter and costly. He tells who was responsible for them, how they happened, and the tragic cost. He spares no names and no details. This honesty is the miracle of the book. Such candor is virtually unknown among the military hierarchy. Theirs is the tightest "closed shop" in the world. It seems to be an unwritten law among them not to talk out loud about failings, professional or personal. Bradley's outspokenness is as rare as it is gentlemanly.

He makes no bones that he erred and that he has likes and dislikes. He is a human being and acts like one—but always a decent one. He affects no superman role and he is fully aware that he is a commanding general and also that he is not a tin god on wheels. Luck and fate made him a high commander, but he doesn't consider himself a man of destiny, a combination of Shakespeare and John Barrymore, or the Republicans' Presidential white hope.

"A Soldier's Story" is the best account so far available of the virtually forgotten Sicilian campaign. Why this operation has been overlooked by both military and other historians is a mystery. It included everything—amphibious, airborne, allied forces—and was completed in thirty-eight days. It's a perfect example of a comprehensive and conclusive campaign, yet practically nothing has been written about it. Bradley's account is excellent, but the operation is worth a volume of its own.

Possibly the one weak portion of the book is that dealing with the causes of the Battle of the Bulge. Bradley readily assumes his full share of the blame for that disaster. He admits frankly that it was a costly surprise. But his arguments in defense of the views and factors that led to this tragic defeat are too labored and repetitious to be wholly convincing. He strains too much at trying to make "calculated risk" a valid justification for what happened. There is never any justification for tactical surprise in the face of the enemy.

The plain fact is, as Bradley himself makes clear, that the Ardennes debacle was due primarily to failure of command in the echelon above him. Incompetent and negligent leadership on the part of Eisenhower and Montgomery, aided and abetted by their blundering G-2s, enabled the Nazis to stage their coup. Bradley was at fault in that he permitted himself to be influenced by the higher-echelon bunglers to weaken one of his sectors so that it invited a surprise penetration. And playing a big role in that influencing was his G-2, one of the most accomplished ineffectuals in the ETO.

Practically all of Bradley's Army, corps, and division G-2s sounded cries of alarm about the ominously massing panzers. But Bradley's hotsy-totsy G-2, echoing SHAEF and Montgomery, airily brushed them all aside. The lower-echelon G-2s merely based their fears on information obtained from PW, captured documents, and other first-hand information. The SHAEF and Group G-2s did their masterminding with the aid of crystal balls and cloak-and-dagger stuff—all pure hokum as events so tragically proved.

While somewhat laboring his defense of what caused the Battle of the Bulge, Bradley, on the other hand, relates in blunt detail another, and less well-known, costly error that prolonged the war at least six months. This was Eisenhower's decision to permit Montgomery to make his ill-fated offensive in the North, along the Pas de Calaise.

Bradley's account of the "war within a war" that raged among the Allied commanders throughout the ETO fighting and of which the Pas de Calaise defeat was a major part is the outstanding feature of his book. In that extraordinary behind-the-scenes struggle two facts stand out:

1. Montgomery's persistent scheming to set himself up as top battle commander, despite Britain's one-to-three inferiority in troops and his own many limitations, numerous costly blunders, and provocative anti-American bias and arrogance. The only two American commanders who were able to stomach Montgomery with any degree of tolerance were Eisenhower and the late Lt. General William H. Simpson, who commanded Ninth Army. Bradley records many instances of Montgomery's infuriating scheming and high-handedness — including outright affronts to Eisenhower.

2. The protracted struggle with the British over basic strategy in waging this war. This conflict lasted from the planning stage of Overlord until after the Bulge. The British were obsessed with one concept—to clear the Channel Coast. That alone ruled all their thoughts and aims. Bradley makes it abundantly clear that Eisenhower was under constant and tremendous pressure to give in to this demand. And he did give in, unfortunately. That's why the war was prolonged six months; why Third Army was set down when it had nothing out in front of it but a routed and disorganized enemy and could have

THE AUTHOR: In the preface to his book Omar Bradley writes: "If this story is to be told it must be told honestly and candidly." Honesty is a Bradley benchmark, along with his amazing stamina—and the intelligent simplicity and understanding of people that have gained him the name GI's General (and that put junior officers so much at ease in interviews that they can drape a leg over chair's arm if they choose). His career, never startling, has progressed with a quiet steady excellence perhaps in itself extraordinary in these days of grandstanding. That steadiness took a Missouri farm boy (born in 1893) through West Point to be the first of his 1915 class to pin on a general officer's stars (brigadier general, temporary) in 1941 and a little later to be the field commander in Europe of the largest combat force in history—and a four-star general in 1945. As VA administrator from 1945 to 1947 he arrived in Washington "astonishingly naïve politically," but his forthrightness and intelligence quickly won respect and affection—which followed him into his five-star post as Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff (making him our ranking military officer on active duty). His equanimity, amiability, and energy were proof even against the recent grueling MacArthur sessions on the Hill: after one of them he flew to Cleveland for a public dinner and reception, flew back to Washington after midnight, was back on the stand, fresh-eyed, in the morning. At West Point he was famous as an outfielder with a rifle arm and a batting average around .380; wherever he went in Europe there went also his fielder's glove, ready for a game of catch with whomever. He plays good golf—in old baggy clothes. (Otherwise he is a neat though not natty dresser, has bought his clothes from the same NY tailor for 20 years.) He does not smoke, but he likes a glass of bourbon at day's end; he drives a five-year-old car, characteristic of his frugal living. He and Mrs. Bradley (his Moberly high-school sweetheart, whom he married in 1916) live in the red brick house at Ft. Myer, Va., traditional Chief of Staff residence. Most of the book was written there—in the cramped garret, pleasantly cluttered. Reading the book, you'll know Omar Bradley—for like him it is simple, direct, and a superb example of integrity and independence.—K. S.

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speared to the Rhine by November 1944; why Monty suffered his bitter defeat at Nijmegen, and why he dallied about clearing the Scheldt, with the result that weeks were lost before Antwerp, already captured, could be used as a supply base; why also the tragic Battle of the Bulge occurred.

This astounding "war within a war" is forcefully summed up in Bradley's dramatic account of the final collapse of the Wehrmacht:

> As Third Army made ready to bolt south from its bridgeheads below the Moselle and crash down on the Rhine at Mainz, Eisenhower at last came face to face with the long-disputed issue of a single versus a double envelopment of the Ruhr with a second thrust from the south. The question had been simmering for almost six months. In addition to the Canadian First, the British Second, and the American Ninth Armies already allotted him for his major effort on the north Montgomery had insisted that SHAEF set up a follow-up force in reserve of ten divisions to be "borrowed" from First Army. It was in anticipation of this request that SHAEF had originally limited me to four divisions in the Remagen bridgehead. Had those ten been transferred to Monty as he asked I would have been left with only the Third Army. And as a consequence Patton and I would probably have sat out the remainder of the war in a holding position on the west bank of the Rhine.
>
> Fortunately, Eisenhower called Montgomery's bluff. If those ten divisions of First Army went north, Eisenhower told him, 12th Army Group was also to go north in command of both the First and Ninth U. S. Armies. Just as soon as Monty learned of Eisenhower's condition on those ten divisions he promptly dropped the request. Rather than give up the Ninth Army and share the northern thrust with an American Group command he preferred to go at it with what he had and direct it from 21st Army Group. As a result our six months' struggle was finally won by forfeit and Eisenhower was able to resolve this most contentious tactical dispute of the war. First and Third Armies were directed by SHAEF to encircle the Ruhr from the south. Despite Bull's gloomy objections, Remagen was to form the springboard for First Army's advance to the Elbe.

"A Soldier's Story" is fascinating reading. It would be so at any time. It is particularly so in these chaotic and strife-torn days, when it is profoundly inspiring to have reaffirmed the glorious fact that an able, sincere, plain-talking, and honorable soldier holds a key place in the command of our armed forces.

Robert S. Allen, whose correspondence on the Washington scene is syndicated nationally, served as operations executive in G-2 Section Headquarters with the Third Army in the European Theatre.

Man of God in the Arctic

INUK. By Roger Buliard. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 322 pp. $3.50.

By Raymond Holden

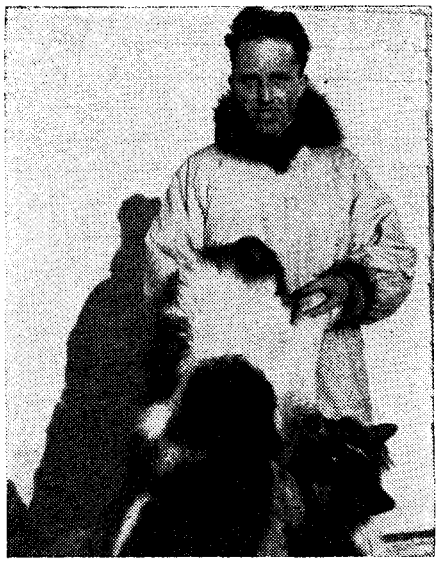
THE FRENCH are generally considered to be a nation of stay-at-homes, in spite of Jules Verne, Du Chaillu, and the four-square Dr. Charcot. Be that as it may, when they do get about they usually do it with distinction. Father Buliard, a Burgundian, spent fifteen years about as far from the rolling vineyards of Burgundy as any man could have done. His story of those fifteen years is a remarkable narrative.

Roger Buliard was educated by the Christian Brothers, but their discipline did not suppress in him a nature more like that of Charles the Bold than that of, let us say, Peter Abelard. Roger loved adventure and did not scorn fighting if it was in a good cause. At first he was restless under his monastic training and felt that the priesthood was not for him. It is fortunate that he found a way of reconciling his love of adventure and romance with the very calling which he had feared would deny his life the glamour it craved, for he was certainly a born priest if there ever was one. He found in a bookshop in Besançon a book by a French journalist describing the Arctic regions and the work of the Christian missionaries who served its sparse population.

Buliard devoted himself to his ecclesiastical studies and joined the Oblate Fathers, a group which specialized in paying man's debt to God in the most difficult possible manner. For Father Buliard the oblation was a post as missionary in the Canadian Arctic. Here he found that the post was nothing but empty space and that his potential parishioners, who had no interest whatever in the Church, lived in little groups, separated by many hundreds of miles, connected by no roads, and with no source of supply other than the sea and the barren ground itself.

The Oblate Fathers took to this situation as ducks to water. At first Buliard was disturbed by the primitive ferocity and lack of human qualities of the Eskimo, but with a true priest's spirit he came to understand them. Like Augustine, he realized that a man best comes to understand that which he truly loves. True to the devotion of the Oblates, Father Buliard rejoiced in the fact that his love for the Eskimo was difficult and therefore a true reflection of his love of God.

Yet Roger Buliard was more than a mere messenger of the spirit. He was an intensely human, intensely practical man. He combined in his priesthood the interests of a man of God, those of an anthropologist, and those of an explorer. The reader familiar with Diamond Jenness's work with the Eskimo and with Vilhjalmur Stefansson's classics, "My Life with the Eskimo" and "The Friendly Arctic," will find himself on familiar ground. Father Buliard's Arctic was for the most part the region between the 105th and 120th meridians and between 67° and 72° North Latitude. This is an enormous area, an area which the good Father (the Eskimo called him Falla) did not feel quite justified Stefansson's epithet "friendly" but which supported him and held his interest for fifteen years.



Father Buliard—"genuine adventure."

Like Stefansson, he learned that the Eskimo are specialists in the matter of living in the Arctic and that it is well to live as they do, without, be it said, adopting all of their habits or trains of thought. Father Buliard wore his vestments only on occasions of the greatest ceremony. He freely modified the routine and ritual of the Church to suit conditions. Yet he never gave up one smallest particle of his belief in God nor, I think, his faith in man. Many a missionary in his shoes, believing that he must measure success by the number of souls he had saved, would have thought himself a failure. Not so Buliard. He was doing what he believed to be God's work; and if the reader sometimes wonders why God needed the ardent help of the Oblates in order to discover the people of Prince Albert Sound and Victoria Island no one will ever wonder at Father Buliard's robust and

(*Continued on page 42*)

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Fiction. *We were gaining some knowledge of the Chinese people through translations of their novels before revolution and the Korean War swept away the familiar landmarks. Lin Yutang's exquisitely written "Widow, Nun, and Courtesan," containing three short Chinese novels, serves to remind us that Chinese fiction is a significant part of world literature. Two new collections of short stories are reviewed this week, "Traveller's Samples," by Frank O'Connor, Ireland's finest short-story writer, and "The Man Who Was Loved," by James Stern, Irish-born, now an American citizen. John F. Wharton's "The Explorations of George Burton" provides hope to men who have lost their faith in life. His hero recaptures it through research into almost every means of plumbing the human mind. In "The Scandalous Mrs. Blackford" Harnett Kane lends glamour and glitter to the unconventional life of an American woman a century ago.*

—*Charles Leirens.*

James Stern—"laughter of a dying man."

Portrait of an Irishman

TRAVELLER'S SAMPLES. By Frank O'Connor. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 238 *pp.* $2.75.

By Thomas Sugrue

FRANK O'CONNOR is the sort of man whose real name is Michael O'Donovan, which makes him the sort of writer who tells a dozen tales in the first person and uses a different character and background for the "I" in each. Were he not one of the very best short-story writers practising in English this might be an annoying trait; as it is, such whimsical eccentricity only adds to the charm of the tales he sets down, since in each one the hero is yourself and in each you are a brand-new fellow. The present volume is a group of stories that take various aspects of the author through childhood to the end of adolescence, which for an Irishman is anywhere between eighteen and forty-five (if an Irishman isn't married by the time he is forty-five he is called a bachelor).

The pilgrimage from youth to manhood begins with a brilliant dramatization of an old problem; the title of the story is the problem itself—"First Confession"—and anyone who recalls a better, more honest, more amusing treatment of this painful initiation is invited to produce his entry. The next problem encountered by Mr. O'Connor's multiple personality is also described by a title, "The Man of the House"; it concerns that inevitable day when a small son decides to replace his father and stay home from school to look after his sick mother; in Mr. O'Connor's hands it is a lovely demonstration of controlled humor and a fitting preface to the more tragic and tragi-comic episodes which follow—the disillusion of finding that honesty for a truant is not always the best policy, the melancholy of meeting and then avoiding a very nice Protestant girl, the discovery that a boy is a natural thief and that an Irish father is apt on Christmas Eve to reveal a weakness for drink which on other nights is fairly well camouflaged, and all those sweet-sad explorations which one by one expose the mysteries of the dark and strange continent of women.

In a way the stories make an autobiography of the chameleon-like spokesman, and as an autobiography they amount to a portrait of an Irishman, instantly recognizable by anyone who has been one or who still is one. The framework of poverty, religion, romance, and drink is set around the hero each time he emerges to recount an adventure, and each time the bourgeois virtues of effort, good conduct, and thrift assist him in assaulting this framework.

There is no mention of beautiful, brooding Kathleen ni Houlihan, the symbolic figure of suffering Ireland, but she is present in the little hopes of the Irish girls and boys, the hopes which are crushed like eggshells when the realities of life in Eire are faced in their monstrous cruelty. The country is poor, and for those who do not go to Shannon and take the night plane for America there is little to hope for and less on which to dream. It is these, the ones who stay, who are the subjects of Frank O'Connor's portraiture. He knows them as a blind man knows the knobs on his cane, and he writes of them with the artistry of a man who loves what he is doing because all the time it is scalding his heart.

Of the Vulnerable

THE MAN WHO WAS LOVED. By James Stern. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 234 *pp.* $3.

By William Peden

IT IS becoming more and more apparent that an increasingly large percentage of distinguished fiction is today being written in the form of the short story rather than the novel. The short-story writer, however, continues to be largely ignored by the book-reading (and book-buying) public. In spite of the number of good short-story volumes published within the last twelve months, such collections are usually destined to small printings and even smaller sales.

This present book of James Stern's short stories is a case in point. Irish-born and English-educated (and now an American citizen), Mr. Stern is always entertaining, always an intelligent and perceptive observer of mankind, always a serious and honest craftsman. Yet "The Man Who Was Loved" will probably appear on no best-seller lists and will possibly surprise both its author and publisher if its sales do more than approximate its publication costs. Such public apathy to the short story as a serious literary form is a curious and disheartening commentary on contemporary reading habits.

James Stern is primarily concerned with a widely varied group of human beings under emotional, psychological, and physical stress. His characters react violently. They are vulnerable to the extent of being spiritually naked. Stimulated by the tensions of

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these crises, reason is dominated by fears, hatreds, and passions and is replaced by a terrifying, atavistic brutality. "I must kill, and kill quick," cries the protagonist of "Two Men" and is swept away on a torrent of meaningless destruction, out of which only pain and hatred survive. The father in "The Broken Leg" at the kill of a fox smears his face with the "stinking, bloody brush"; his gesture, stripping from him his civilization, becomes more a pagan, obscene ritual than a time-honored sporting gesture. The little boy of "Under the Beech Tree" watches with horror and fascination the death struggle of a swan and a fox and then hauls the body of the vanquished to hang on a tree decorated with the other corpses he has collected.

This cruelty motivates and dominates many of Mr. Stern's stories. It never, however, dominates the author. It never is employed as an end in itself or for its own effect alone. To the contrary, much of Mr. Stern's strength lies in his ability to counterbalance cruelty with compassion, to offset the abnormal by the normal, to accentuate the usual and basically commonplace by contrasting it with the grotesque or the exaggerated (as he does in "Travellers' Tears"). By means of these contrasts and the blending of seemingly antithetical elements the author effects a basic incongruity, which is at first confusing but actually achieves both a constant variety and a sense of higher reality.

There is beauty here, too, and laughter, but the dominant impression is one of macabre melancholy. The laughter in "The Man Who Was Loved" is that of a dying man in a deserted house, and the beauty is not far removed from corruption and decay.

William Peden is associate professor of English at the University of Missouri and director of the Missouri Writers' Workshop.

Harriet Liked Vodka Best

THE SCANDALOUS MRS. BLACKFORD. By Harnett T. Kane with Victor Leclerc. New York: Julian Messner. 304 *pp.* $3.

By Charles Lee

THE MORE improbable stories belong to life. Take, for example, the fabulous career of Harriet Blackford, once described as "the most fascinating woman in Philadelphia." She was brought up in the prim poverty of a minister's home. Her father's nearest concession to frivolity was joining his guests in the singing of hymns. Her mother arranged the books in the little library so that male authors were on one side of the room, female on the other.

Harriet's rebelliousness took a mild form during her father's lifetime: she read the novels of Sir Walter Scott and dreamed of handsome men in faraway places. When he died, however, Harriet worked up a good head of revolutionary steam. She ran off and married a railroad clerk, who turned out to be unromantic, irresponsible, alcoholic, and consumptive. He had the taste to die young. This first fling into adventure left her with a more sophisticated regard for money. She scandalized her contemporaries in Philadelphia by going off to live by herself, then worsened matters by permitting herself to be set up on fashionable Rittenhouse Square in a mansion that was to become a kind of combination salon and gambling den.

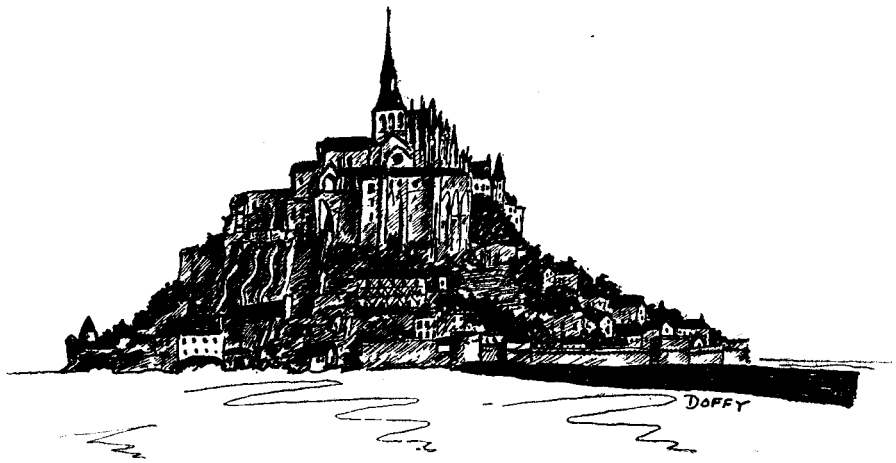
Philadelphia proving hostile and stuffy, Harriet's next stop was Paris. Her startling beauty and quick mind brought her immediate success in the Parisian demimonde, where the atmosphere itself affected one like champagne; women held court in the nude, wrote saucy journals, and toyed with their pink-dyed cats. Harriet wrote in her diary: "At fifteen lack of knowledge of the world is 'innocence,' at twenty it is 'naïveté,' and from then on it is 'stupidity.'"

The Franco-Prussian War gave her a bad time, and after it Harriet moved on to Russia. When vodka was available would it not be stupid to weep for champagne? Russia proved the great adventure of her life. Admitted by special order of the Russian police, she was soon the darling of the smart set and only a little while later the center of a romance with the Grand Duke Nicholas that was to set the court worrying, the world wagging, and two hearts whirling in one of the gaudiest and most strenuous love affairs in history. It ended badly, of course, with imprisonments, exiles, and tragedy piling up in an anticlimax of disaster; a special order of the Russian police drove her out of the country. She wrote a book about the great romance of her life, wandered restlessly in America and Europe, and died in Nice at the age of thirty-eight.

Russian historian Victor Leclerc did the preliminary research on Harriet's hectic life, and Harnett T. Kane, an old hand at biographical fiction, supplied "the treatment." The result is a long, throbbing glitter. Mr. Kane provides period detail with the lavish touch of a Cecil B. De Mille. He makes the bohemian and royal elegances of Paris and St. Petersburg sparkle again in all their decadent glamor. He deals effectively with the siege of Paris during the Franco-Prussian War and contrives the right note of suspense during Harriet's detention by the Russian police.

Mrs. Blackford will doubtless capture the imagination of thousands of readers who will not be disturbed by such sentences as "she was young, she was beautiful, she was going on a trip." It will possibly not occur to them that she might better have stayed home. Nor will they be disturbed that Mr. Kane (except for a quotation or two from the journal) never brings her "quick mind" to life; in the general dazzle this may not seem too important a detail, particularly since there is a compensatory overflow of the emotions. Other readers will have to allow that though the resurrection is not miraculous it is cunning craftsmanship of a high commercial order.

Some Philadelphians will still be scandalized by Harriet's unconventionalities. Others will be lining up at the New York Public Library to get a look at the single copy of her published journal, which is even today restricted from general circulation.



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Chinese Trio

WIDOW, NUN, AND COURTESAN. By Lin Yutang. New York: John Day Co. 266 pp. $3.

By Preston Schoyer

THIS is a collection of three Chinese novels, two of them translations and one an original piece of writing based on a sixteenth-century legend. The stories of the Nun and the Courtesan seem more of a piece; the first is like a bright temple tapestry, catching at mind and spirit, the second a "palace" painting which quietly moves the heart. By contrast the story of the Widow is life itself, stirring all human emotion. Each shows Mr. Lin's undeniable virtues as a perceptive and compelling craftsman, but in adding the Widow to English literature he has done a special service that has not recently had an equal. In this glimpse of Chinese country life one can learn probably much more of that earthy land than in the whole range of literature on the subject. It is a small masterpiece that should delight any reader, whether he enjoys tales of China or not.

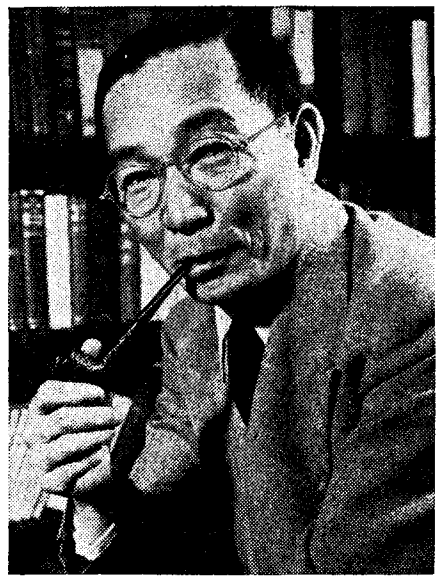
In a way it seems unfair to place the other two stories alongside the "Widow Chuan." Their delicate charm is almost overwhelmed, not merely because of the boisterous vitality of the Widow's tale, its crashes of thunder, smells of garlic, and blood-red sunsets but because it is such a brilliant study of man and his relations with man. It is wonderfully funny, at moments bitterly tragic, but always a delight, faultless in its revelation of human character.

The story revolves about the return to the Chuan family village of a national hero, the goodhearted but somewhat brainless Captain Chuan, who had the habit of falling asleep at inopportune moments. He had even fallen asleep in his airplane, enabling the Japanese to shoot him up so badly that he had lost an arm and four fingers. This return inevitably upset the delicate balance of life in the village. Indeed, it was like applying a match to a pinwheel at a firework's display.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 899)

B. PATCH:
THIRTY YEARS WITH G. B. S.

With punctuation he could not have been more precise. . . . Nobody dared disturb a comma. . . . He picked up the habit of using colons, I imagine, from his Bible reading. Colons are to be found most frequently in the Bible and the works of G. B. S.



Lin Yutang—"compelling craftsman."

All kinds of explosive events followed, some good, some bad, some merely explosive with no purpose or end result.

Yiyun, the Nun of Taishan, was about as saintly as a mortal could be, but her goodness is not as heartwarming as that of the entertaining Hullo Chuan, who was certainly no saint. (He got his name from a foreigner who always addressed him with "Hullo, Chuan." The villagers thought it a beautiful name.) Miss Tu, the Courtesan, was a lovely girl, but her charms are not nearly as arresting as those of the village hoyden, Tientien Ni'rh. Nor do any of the characters in the other stories stir such a feeling of affection as does the old Widow Chuan; one can even admire her uninhibited amorality. Nor does one feel the same pity for Miss Tu as one does for the helpless sons of Shih San-pao. And certainly the villainous Mao of the Courtesan's tale cannot match Chuan Fei, the smuggler, for cold, calculating evil. Though the humor of this rustic idyll is everywhere, both rollicking and subtle, the genius of its author, Lao Hsiang, is possibly at its peak in the ironic, bitter incidents that follow the false arrest of Shih San-pao. This story within the story is in itself a perfect work of art.

As for Mr. Lin's adaptation it is hard to see how this novelette could be better rendered in English. Lao Hsiang owes him a debt for this service, as every reader must owe a debt to both of them. It is only to be regretted that the tale is so short. Few readers will close the pages without wishing they might hear more of the inhabitants of Chuan Chia Fu, even of the locusts and Captain Chuan's buffalo.

Preston Schoyer has written "The Ringing of the Glass" and other novels about China.

Man, Matter & Energy

THE EXPLORATIONS OF GEORGE BURTON. By John F. Wharton. New York: Simon & Schuster. 294 pp. $3.

By Ben Ray Redman

HERE is the story of George Burton, aged fifty, a successful American business executive with every reason and every opportunity to enjoy life, who one day suddenly realizes that he is a very sick man—not in body but in psyche. He is bored, afraid, incapable of making decisions, and unable to see that there is any purpose in living. Peering into his own mind he discovers that he has ceased to believe in almost everything that he was taught during childhood, because it has all been "proved false or unworkable." There are no longer any simple, certain facts to which he can cling with assurance; he has "no yardstick to measure the desirability of one course of action over another." He feels that he is drifting toward destruction.

And as he looks about him he finds that he is far from alone. He is startled by the number of his successful acquaintances who are trying to deaden their pain with alcohol, by the mounting suicides of famous men, and by the rapidly increasing hosts who are turning to psychoanalysis for salvation. George Burton sees clearly that his illness is not unique—it is the malady of his generation. But he is none the less determined to discover its origins and, if possible, its cure. So he sets forth on his "explorations."

These consist largely of long talks with Dr. Byrne, a retired psychiatrist; Alfred Henley, a scientist who is working on the extreme frontiers of human knowledge; Perry Whitcomb, multimillionaire backer of psychical-research projects that are still frowned on in orthodox scientific circles; and Angela Wood, a good friend of long standing, who has as yet, at the tale's beginning, caused no romantic flutters in George Burton's heart. In the course of these talks the explorer is taken on a guided tour of psychoanalysis, telepathy, psychosomatic medicine, Alexander's theory of posture, De Vries's theory of evolutionary mutation, Wilhelm Reich's theories regarding the orgasm, Alfred North Whitehead's view of the "laws of nature," J. Willard Gibbs's postluate that "anything we call matter" is "at root the same as any other thing," the James-Lange theory of emotions, the laws of probability, hypnotism, palmistry, and "the social problems of an industrial civilization" as dealt with by

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"The Tale Will Save Us"

Hermann Broch: 1886-1951

ROBERT PICK

HERMANN BROCH started writing toward the end of the First World War—whose outbreak, as it were, had put a stop to the nineteenth century. He answered the twentieth century's call and took up its challenge.

Born in 1886, he had studied mathematics and philosophy in his native Vienna and then followed a conventional business career. In the late 1920s he resigned from his position as the manager of a textile concern and resumed his university studies.

His three-volume novel "The Sleepwalkers," published in 1930-32, immediately established his reputation as one of the most important and most significant figures of modern German writing. Soon thereafter his trilogy became famous in English-speaking countries; with Hitler in power by then, Broch's picture of the disintegration of German life from 1888 to 1918 revealed itself as a prophetic interpretation of historical developments.

At the same time readers were stirred by the novelty of Broch's methods. He has since been "grouped" with Joyce or Italo Svevo or Proust or Robert Musil. Actually the author of "The Sleepwalkers" had no precursor. Like Stendhal, he set out to build an image of reality as its contemporaries perceive it though they still may refuse to acknowledge the changes wrought upon their vision.

The nineteenth - century novel created, within a stable structure of moral values, what Conrad called a semblance of reality. The twentieth-century break-up of that structure — so Broch proved —demanded a split-up, multiple image of reality in novel writing. The different viewpoints from which he told his story, the varying degrees of his intimacy with the characters, and the changes of their respective specific gravity, tell the tale as much as does its action. In the history of the modern novel, "The Sleepwalkers" is a revolutionary landmark.

It is at the same time the book of a man deeply concerned about his time and what he recognized as its central problem: man's decline to complete loneliness. That theme was taken up once again in Broch's last finished work of fiction, which has not been rendered into English as yet, "Die Schuldlosen" ("The Guiltless"). Its brilliantly "split-up" story follows the "sleepwalking" generation down the path to the incipient horrors of the Hitlerian era. Yet Broch was not a prophet of final doom. His first novel as well as his last ends on a tone of hope and love. "Do thyself no harm! For we all are here!"

Already in the philosophical interpolations of "The Sleepwalkers," he had presented himself as a theoretical thinker of great stature. Later the catholicism of his pursuits was apt to startle observers. Today we can discern the wholeness and consistency of his efforts. His investigations in the field of mass psychology, his epistomological studies, his political essays, or his notes on the philosophy of language — fragmentary as his untimely death has made some of his writings—all are witness to a man who never ceased from searching for an answer to the question: "What is man? What is human life?"

He once said he had begun to write because he wanted to find out for himself "whether two times two is four." He took nothing for granted in his thinking. Behind every answer there rose a new query to his mind. And then the insatiability of his speculations threw him back on the poet's intuition in him. The fruit of that process is "The Death of Virgil."

There is no way of classifying this gigantic prose poem—unless one ventures to say that it resolves the "ancient struggle between philosophy and poetry" mentioned in the "Republic." Virgil's journey from his doubts about the worth of his "Aeneid"—about the validity of the human word—to "the word beyond speech" may be seen as a "Skeptic's Progress." But its author tells more than the story of the extinction of the most subtle mind of its time and its return to the Logos. He tells Everyman's story. The book's last and its most overwhelming part is no less than the saga of human death, of man's entering step by step the non-existence from which he came.

Hermann Broch was the most gentle of all men. To his friends, who in these past months saw "death's signet graven upon his brow" as it is on the countenance of his homecoming Virgil, there is something moving beyond words in the fact that in those last days he was at work on a novel set in the Austrian mountains—as though, sensing his own approach to nonexistence, he too wanted to enter it step by step and close the cycle by conjuring up what had met his eyes first. His descriptions in that unfinished manuscript of his childhood's landscape are of a beauty no mere artistic eclecticism could have brought about. "The inner sanctum," he wrote to a friend, "cannot be reached through one's will alone."

He had the highest possible concept of a writer's calling and he lived up to it. He gave two great books to world literature, each unique in its kind and both destined to grow with the century he so passionately accepted as his. "And thus, Glaucon, the tale has been saved, and will save us if we are mindful of the word spoken; and we shall pass safely over the river of forgetfulness."

—Rudolf von Ripper.

Hermann Broch: "What is man?"

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Cheaper Than Water

LET US suppose you live in Calcutta and decide to move to another part of the city. Your first inclination is to call a moving van, but then you discover that this would be the most expensive way of all to move your furniture. For half the cost of a moving van you can hire two large bullock carts — with four massive bulls and eight men. But there is an even cheaper way than the bullock cart. You can hire sixteen men to carry your furniture and belongings across the city by barefoot. They would make as many round trips as were necessary, and the total cost would still be much less than the bullock cart and only a fraction of what a motor truck would cost.

Suppose you have a small farm in the south of India somewhere near Madras. The farm requires irrigation. You could buy an imported Diesel engine to pump the water—the most efficient but also the most costly method. Or you could put the great bulls to work on a crude but durable water-drawing pulley device. But human muscle would be cheapest.

In Bombay I spoke to a businessman who is part owner of a firm that bottles natural water. He told me that when he analyzed his costs he discovered that the labor cost per bottle was less than the cost of the water itself. Thus life is cheaper than water.

Another instance. The hotel in New Delhi at which I stayed is as well appointed and modern as almost any fine hotel you might name anywhere in the world. The rates are reasonable, though not especially inexpensive. The attendant who cleaned my room and swept the corridor received a monthly salary of about fifteen dollars. Out of this he tried to support a wife, three children, and two aging in-laws. For him the term "future" is purely a matter of chronology and not of progress; if he lives to be sixty (highly unlikely) he will never get past the sweeper's job. This is not so much a matter of personal limitations as it is economic determinism. He was the son of a sweeper; his own place in life, society, and the economy of the nation is as a sweeper.

* * *

It is difficult to think of anything in India that is as cheap as human life. Confronted with this fact the outsider too frequently chalks it up to a basic law of supply and lets it go at that. Since people are plentiful and hungry and since machines are scarce and costly, the result, as the outsider sees it, is the inevitable one: people are cheaper than machines. But there are other questions worth asking. Does industrialization fit India? Are the values of Indian village life inferior to those of the large cities that came in with industrialization? Should the worth of man be measured according to his ability to compete with a machine or according to his ability to think, feel, and be part of his culture? Is a culture worth preserving and developing—even though that culture may not happen to lend itself easily to the operation of factories and congested cities? In short, are the benefits of an industrial society universal and absolute—under all conditions, for all cultures, at all times?

The fact that an industrial civilization is not easily superimposed upon a society with the culture and traditions of India is no more an unfavorable reflection upon Indians than the inability of Americans to absorb the superimposition of Indian culture on our own country would be an unfavorable reflection upon us. The decentralized, non-dynamic, and leveled-off life of the Indian village if thrust upon America would produce the same profound dislocations and misery that the productive, variable, and volatile life of an industrial civilization has in fact brought to a large segment of India.

If life is cheaper than the machine in India, we can deplore the overpopulation that highlights the problem but we can also contemplate the fact that the machine is our measuring rod, not theirs. The West helped to change the basic conditions of Eastern culture and cannot now in conscience complain that the people have responded poorly to changed conditions.

I tried to argue this point out with an English businessman who was visiting India for the first time. We were in a plane flying from Madras to Calcutta.

"The trouble with most Americans," he said in a friendly manner, "is that you tend to romanticize the Indians. You keep looking for spiritual and cultural nuggets and then when you fail to find them imagine them into being. You've just got to accept the fact that you're dealing here with a backward, primitive people, most of whom haven't changed their customs for 6,000 years and who can't even operate their own government, as we are currently observing.

"Just look at the poverty and the ignorance," he continued. "Annual income per capita not more than $20 per person. Maybe one out of ten knows how to read and write. And did you ever try to teach one of them to operate a machine? The Indians are all right so long as the machine keeps running, but the moment the slightest little thing goes wrong the people go to pieces. And, I might add, so does the machine. In no time at all—whether they're operating a motorcar or a lathe—they have the entire machine completely dismantled with no idea of how to put it together again."

As he spoke I looked out from my plane window at the tired, parched Indian countryside. For four years the seasonal rains had failed. I wondered what the fields would look like in America if we had no rain for four years. We would irrigate, certainly, but even irrigation is dependent upon rain. Few countries in the world had more irrigation canals in their agricultural areas than India. But the canals and the wells were now drying up. And people were being hurt. They were measuring out such food as was available. They were thin and getting thinner. Soon their bodies would be too weak to fight the sickness reaching out after them.

FROM the air the Indian village looked like clusters of brown serried mounds, seeming like natural growths on the soil. They were connected with each other over somewhat uneven country by thin cart roads. My traveling companion was right about one thing, at least: life in the villages hadn't changed much from what it was a few thousand years ago. In that sense it was primitive; but he was wrong in assuming that this meant the people were backward, ignorant, in need of outside control. Perhaps only a small percentage could read or write, but the overwhelming majority enjoyed the literacy of ear and mouth, rather than that of the eye and hand. Literature was recorded, as Sir George Grier-

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son pointed out, "not on paper but on the memory. . . . The fleshy tables of the heart are often more trustworthy than birch bark or manuscript paper." The resultant culture is no less real or lacking in substance because of it. The people take pride in that culture, in their handicrafts, in their work in the fields. There is nothing mystical or mysterious about this, and it is not "romanticizing" the Indian people to point it out. It is a way of life which has well-defined values of its own—values the Indian people do not ask us to accept or reject but merely to understand.

Yet here was my traveling companion repeating the error of so many people in the West. He was applying his own yardsticks and his own values in examining and describing the East. If a man is less fortunate than oneself there then must be something wrong with him. If a man is impoverished and hungry he is probably capable of nothing better. If he can't even read a newspaper headline or sign his own name he is a helpless ignoramus. If his land has undeveloped resources in an age of combustion, commodities, and consumers, then others with know-how and can-do have the obligation and the right to move in, install the levers, and operate them. As for operating a national government—that's a science, far beyond the reach of natives.

Was I doing my traveling companion an injustice by associating him with those who reflected such views? I was wondering about this when he remarked that the Indians were now discovering that running a government was far more difficult than denouncing it.

"It is easy enough to demand independence," he said. "But what does independence mean if the country is virtually at the point of collapse because there are no administrators? The steel frame of highly trained public officers which held India together under the British has just about crumbled. They'll be wishing before long that we'd never left."

I was fortunate in being able to pass along to him by way of reply something that the British Ambassador to India, Sir Alexander Nye, had told me in New Delhi.

"I doubt that any government in the world has a bigger or more complicated job on its hands today than India," Sir Alexander had said. "Four hundred million people or more—perhaps one fifth of the human race. Exhausted land. A difficult, fatiguing climate. A sub-continent suddenly divided into two entirely separate nations, India and Pakistan, at the time of independence.

"Twelve million people lose their homes at the time of partition and become refugees. All this superimposed on the problem of starting up a large nation virtually from scratch."

This testimony apparently failed to impress my traveling companion.

"Sir Alexander Nye, a fine fellow," he said. "But, after all, he does represent a Socialist Government which can be expected to have a bias towards other Socialist-minded states."

THIS effectively ended the conversation, at least for the moment. I turned to my American newspaper—a real luxury in India even if it is a week or ten days old. It was difficult to get the type before me into focus. I was uneasy and disappointed because of the failure of words. My traveling companion and I spoke the same language, and yet there had been no effective communication between us. Both of us could pass literacy tests, yet literacy wasn't enough to convey meaning. The tools of reason had apparently failed us.

I felt completely separated from my traveling companion. In terms of communication and cultural interchange I felt much closer to many of the Indian people I had spoken to—with or without benefit of interpreters. I was certain, too, that the gentleman at my right was entertaining equally severe questions about me. No doubt he thought of me as a sentimentalist and a softie who didn't understand hard realities or the practical approach to things. I was almost at the point of volunteering the information—apparently the badge of conversational respectability these days—that I had actually met a payroll and participated in the operation of a business myself, when my friend cleared his throat.

"Let's be frank, now," he said. "Wouldn't you prefer living in the United States than in this half-civilized, God-forsaken country where you're afraid even to shake hands with people because they may give you some awful disease? Wait until you get to Calcutta. I understand that you have to step over the bodies of scabrous beggars on the sidewalk in front of your hotel. Would you really prefer that type of life to the conveniences of America? Why, you're the envy of the whole world."

I told the gentleman that I wasn't planning to give up my home or my citizenship, which I valued most highly. No; I didn't prefer the Indian way of life over my own. I was merely trying to suggest that the Indians probably had some good reasons for creating and believing in their own values. Mine was an argument for the recognition of differences as a

(*Continued on page 46*)

Hermann Broch

IT has been my privilege to know Hermann Broch well almost from his arrival twelve years ago as an emigré from Nazi persecution. I became his friend and admirer before I was acquainted with his writings, which had already given him a European reputation; yet I had no doubt after our first association that he was one of the significant minds as well as one of the most persuasive personalities of our time.

Others are more competent than I to write of the whole range of his literary activity. I wish to speak of his extraordinary personal influence upon an expanding circle of Americans, young and old, famous and unknown, whose contacts with Broch were seminal and whose experience of his many-faceted mind was implemented by an indescribable charm. While his desk was laden with manuscripts awaiting completion, he gave his time both in conversation and in lengthy letters, themselves essays on life, with such complete generosity that all of us who loved him feared that even his great intellectual and physical strength would falter under the strain. He lived three lives at once—a scholar's, a poet's, a thinker's. He was an out-giver of himself without regard for any reward except the satisfaction of giving, and this must place him among the great men of the past whose enriching of life has been through the living man as much as by books.

I myself am neither poet nor philosopher, nor was the German tradition of his European culture familiar to me except at one remove; yet I never left his presence without a warmer sense of human existence, a lift in courage, and a deeper faith, even in a world given to despair, in man's intellect when warmed by man's heart. There was once a great scholar of my university whose work was so specialized, though his influence was great, that laymen asked why he was so honored in the memory of the community. And the answer was that it was enough to say that he had lived there. So it was with Hermann Broch. For his friends he had, as one of them said, what the French call *politesse de coeur*. Though he died with his work in no sense finished, fortunately his published books adequately express his mind and spirit for those who could know him only as a famous name.

—HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Press & the Patient

SIR: I cannot tell you the satisfaction with which I read Dr. Russell S. Boles's article [*SRL* May 19] about the dangers connected with some current writings on the new medical discoveries and techniques. Written in the booster's manner, they cause people to expect results that often cannot come to pass. Suffering from distressing symptoms and longing for relief, people spend money that they can't afford for expensive treatments only to find after a while that they are no better and are perhaps in some ways worse. The discouragement that then results may be even more serious than the loss of money that was needed for other things.

WINFRED RHOADES.

Sudbury, Mass.

SIR: As a science writer it gives me satisfaction to know that Dr. Boles recognizes science writing (and this, of course, includes medical writing) as an important contribution to the journalistic field. In this field there is a growing number of responsible people with a profound sense of their responsibility—both scientific and journalistic. Some 125 of these men and women who write for the leading magazines, newspapers, and wire services, belong to the National Association of Science Writers—the organization, started in 1934, which Dr. Boles mentioned in his recent article.

The NASW members are aware of the enormous and intelligent public interest in medical work—whether in research laboratories, consultation rooms, or in hospital clinics. In this day of mass communication they know that accurate medical knowledge is vital, both to the public and to the profession, because of the interdependence of the lay group with the medical scientist. Elaborate and costly research, institutional progress, and even the doctor's relation with his own patient depend in the end on the public's understanding of (1) the need of the best medical care and (2) the need of sympathetic and intelligent lay cooperation in the important medical projects which make such care possible.

The medical writer's duty then is to convince the lay public of the magnitude of the medical-research program now at work in the fight against disease. That this presentation must be accurate goes without question. And a careful investigation will, I think, reveal that the great majority of the medical writing now being done in the United States *is accurate*.

Dr. Boles has cited as an incident in which "the press continues to confuse the patient" an article on the use of anti-histamines in treatment of the common cold in *The Reader's Digest*. At the same time, Dr. Boles has listed several scientific studies, which directly contradict the conclusions in *The Reader's Digest* article, that have been published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, the *New England Journal of Medicine*, and the proceedings of the Committee on Public Health Relations of the New York Academy of Medicine.

If Dr. Boles will make further investigation he will find that all three of these scientific reports as well as many others concluding "that the anti-histamines have no value in the treatment of the common cold" have been given full and accurate reporting in most of the country's newspapers and news magazines. This, of course, is only one episode in which medical happenings have been reported in the majority of news sources in an accurate and competent manner.

MARGUERITE CLARK,
President, NASW.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: As much as Dr. Boles may decry the gullibility of Homo sapiens in falling for every newly devised pill and unguent, let his noble profession take cognizance of a fact or so.

One loathsome practice to be deprecated is the unwholesome secrecy which surrounds medicine. Let a person be admitted to any established institution of therapy and it takes the combined efforts of the FBI and Senator McCarthy to know what might be causing his bellyache. Seems as if a person laying out his good, hard-earned dough is entitled to know something of the meaning of the chart hanging on his bed. The MDs delight in talking in high-sounding language and seem to feel that the most of mankind can't take it to know what's wrong. When our first-born added to our grocery bill the hospital called to say that "Mrs. has returned to her room." And when I inquired, "Boy or girl?" the voice replied: "Sorry, we can't give out that information"!

Wasn't it Alexis Carrel who wrote "Man, the Unknown"? Still something of an enigma as to what makes him tick. Why should the MDs have all the fun? If they experiment with pills and unguents why not deal us in a hand? Or maybe there's a wee bit of the primitive sadism contained in us. Sometimes I feel so when my wife gets one of those Florence Nightingale streaks and proceeds to work on our defenseless kids.

N. EUGENE KIRCHNER.

Scottsbluff, Neb.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Of all the colossal nerve! I let him borrow my cape, and look what he does with it."

Author-Editor Collaboration

SIR: I can "conceive of a great literature without great editing," in contrast to Struthers Burt [on Maxwell Perkins, *SRL* June 9]. Balzac, I am sure, was his own editor, and I very much doubt whether Stendhal had editors. Examples could be multiplied.

The American version of a writer's editor has and had no exact parallel in Europe. It might be interesting to have a history of book editing which, among other things, would shed some light on the genesis of the close collaboration between author and editor in most of contemporary American writing.

PETER JACOBSOHN.

Riverdale, N. Y.

Why Good Books Fade Away

SIR: To Harold K. Guinzburg's survey of the shrinking market for better books [*SRL* May 26] may I suggest two other controlling agents. First, the basic anti-intellectualism of our nation, the distaste and suspicion of ideas and fine arts ingrained in the natural character. This attitude is

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based on the primitive belief that a passionate personal involvement with thinking and imagination emasculates rampant ambition and uncurbed acquisitiveness—two drives essential in a competitive society. This belief is as common among the college trained as the unlettered.

The second factor is simple arithmetic. It is common knowledge that the white-collar class, which contains the hard core of active, discriminating book buyers, has been callously penalized during the post-1940 inflation. Incomes of professionals and semi-professionals have lagged tragically behind living costs. This stratum is buying fewer books because their surplus above necessities has vanished. The impulse and desires of this book market still exist—numerically it probably is larger—but it lacks "buying" incomes. In confirmation let any publisher consult his cost sheets and figure the increase in mechanical and material costs. Then compare the relative salaries of his editors, proofreaders, designers, and artists. This calculation will supply factual testimony why books—good books—like old soldiers, are fading away.

BORIS G. DE TANKO.

New York, N. Y.

Intangible Correspondents

SIR: Hats off to Malcolm H. Bissell. His retort [LETTERS, *SRL* May 5] to Liston Pope gave a telling blow not only to the conception of the "clay feet of science" but also to Mr. Pope and others who dabble with matters rather far from their field of experience.

I have looked for others to comment on Mr. Bissell's fine statement, but so far in vain. It appears that the majority of your readers are more exercised over flying saucers, metaphysical gyrations, intangible frenzies, arguments in vacuo, changes in literary fashions, vaporous discussions about straws and egg shells, etc., etc. In fact, judging from their letters, I sometimes wonder whether most of your correspondents actually have had any experience with tangible matters.

As Mr. Bissell has so well stated, science is not a "body of knowledge" which can be used for salvation of any sort for mankind. And his definition that it is "an intellectual discipline" can hardly be gainsaid, except by those "cloud dwellers" who have never disciplined their minds in any field except that of windy words. Perhaps the hint that Mr. Bissell throws out, namely, that it might be the religions which have failed in making man behave, may be nearer the actual truth.

ARTHUR M. KRAUT.

Jersey City, N. J.

"Double-Take on Mississippi"

SIR: May I express my appreciation for the comprehensive article "Double-Take on Mississippi," by B. J. Skelton [*SRL* May 19]. Too often this state has been maligned by well-meaning but ill-informed journalists, whose articles have appeared in the leading magazines and periodicals of the East. As one who was born in New York and who has lived in both that state and Mississippi I have observed that the intellectual life of the average Mississippian is on a par with that of the representative New-York-Stater.

W. GUY HUMPHREY.

Greenwood, Miss.

SIR: So misleading was B. J. Skelton's double-talk on Mississippi that I have been prompted to write my first letter to a periodical. Mr. Skelton believes that "it is time that Mississippi be allowed, if not a reappraisal, at least a sort of critical double-take."

His reason is his belief that there has been a "literary flowering" in Mississippi. To support his claim he lists about a score of assorted writers and journalists. I am not convinced. It seems to me that if this constitutes a "literary flowering" practically every state in the Union is experiencing a "literary flowering." I am afraid that Mississippi ranks hardly any higher nationally in this than it does in other things, notwithstanding Mr. Skelton's apparent agreement with Dr. Donald Davidson that "Mississippi has been the victim of fallacious generalizations on the basis of averages," that "statistics are made misleading" because "Mississippi is predominantly a rural state." The Middlewestern states, —where neither statistics nor generalizations are so fallacious—though largely small town and rural, are the traditional birthplace of American writers, and it is here that the question of what fosters literature should be studied.

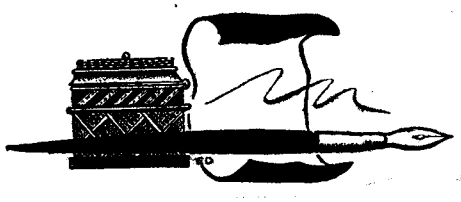
Of course, the recent publicity received by William Faulkner might be expected to catch a lot of fish for Mr. Skelton. Again, I am not impressed. And I don't think that I am alone in believing that Faulkner is grossly overrated, that his style is pretentious and impractical, that he is hopelessly provincial (for an example of his inability to correlate his material with the world at large see his political rationalizing in "Intruder in the Dust"), that the chief interest in his work lies in the illumination it throws upon a proud, angry, confused writer in a decadent society.

GUY SAUTERNE.

Berlin, Conn.

SIR: As Mr. Skelton pointed out, there is no particular reason why a state high in literary production should be one which is high in general socio-economic or educational indices. The very fact that we feel it to be so reflects the degree to which we Americans have come to depend upon quantitative measures; we are naive enough to apply them even to qualitative matters.

Mr. Skelton and I, however, are not only native Mississippians. We are also Americans who have, despite ourselves perhaps, absorbed the awe in which totals and medians and percentages are held. Therefore, Mr. Skelton did attempt briefly to explain some reasons for Mississippi's low rank, and I felt my Mississippi pride protesting the incompleteness of this explanation. The low rank of the state is meaningful only when it is considered as an entity. It is misleading when interpreted, as so often is done, in such a way as to imply that the Mississippian is poorer, more illiterate, more debased somehow than the person comparable in background, residence, or occupation elsewhere. Indeed, when one compares specific categories from state to state Mississippi does pretty well. Mississippi's Negro sharecroppers, for instance, are slightly better off than the Negro sharecroppers of other states of the Deep South, and so on.



Now, our writers, nearly all of them, are products of the small cities of the state: Jackson and Greenville, Oxford and Greenwood, and others. They are a white and an urban group. It may surprise your readers, but the census of 1940 revealed that the native-white urban population of Mississippi had the highest median educational attainment of any category in any of the forty-eight states. Even by the mass indices, then, it is not paradoxical that the nation's most highly educated residential category should have proven productive.

To be sure, little is really explained by this. Much more significant, perhaps, is the fact that this small, educated, white elite of the cities has its roots deep in the traditionalistic values of an agrarian culture which is still struggling for existence in an industrialized era.

JOSEPH S. VANDIVER.

Stillwater, Okla.

SIR: B. J. Skelton's article is very interesting but lacking in completeness. The article failed to mention an international authority on seventeenth- and eighteenth-century classical English literature, a native and resident of Laurel, Mississippi.

Walter B. Watkins, former Rhodes Scholar, is regarded in the literary world as an international authority on Spenser and his contemporaries. His recent book on "Shakespeare and Spenser," published in the U. S. by Princeton University Press and in England by Oxford University Press, speaks for itself. Mr. Watkins's earlier book entitled "Perilous Balance" also is evidence of the studious and analytical work of this literary critic and writer. At the present time he is doing literary research work under a Guggenheim fellowship. His forthcoming book on John Milton, expected to be published next year, should further enhance his international literary reputation.

HARRY A. MITMAN.

Laurel, Miss.

Correction

SIR: An inadvertent transposition of words has altered the meaning of a sentence in my review of Spolansky's "The Communist Trail in America" [*SRL* May 26]. The last sentence in the fourth paragraph should read:

> One misses only the demonstration of how the Communists ingeniously sabotaged Hoover prosperity and caused the Great Depression.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

Cambridge, Mass.

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Cold War. *At the moment the USSR is waging two wars against the free world: a hot war fought with bullets by its satellites in Korea, a cold war fought with words in the press, over air waves, across diplomatic tables. Five new books illuminate the latter war. Nora Murray's "I Spied for Stalin" and Richard Hilton's "Military Attaché in Moscow," the first by a native of Russia, the second by a highly intelligent British Army officer, are pictures of contemporary Russian life. N. T. Mirov's "Geography of Russia" is a scholarly portrait of the face of the land. Hubert Ripka's "Czechoslovakia Enslaved" and Josef Korbel's "Tito's Communism" are first-hand reports by former European diplomats. Paul Blanshard's theme in "Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power" is a comparison of Communism and the Church of Rome, but much that it has to say is an extension of his widely read "American Freedom and Catholic Power."*

The Church & Politics

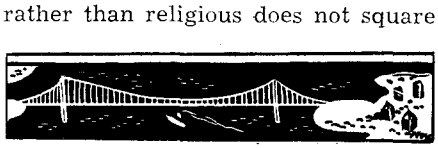
COMMUNISM, DEMOCRACY, AND CATHOLIC POWER. By Paul Blanshard. Boston: Beacon Press. 340 pp. $3.50.

By Herbert Brucker

THIS book ought to be read thoughtfully by every American. Unfortunately, it is likely to be read emotionally. The prospective reader will tend to approach it with relish or with hostility, depending on where he stood two years ago on Paul Blanshard's "American Freedom and Catholic Power."

Mr. Blanshard says in the beginning of this return to the same wars that Roman Catholicism as a religion "is beyond the scope" of his discussion. He is concerned only with "political Catholicism as a world power." And his objective, he says, is to seek a policy through which Western democracy can survive the present three-way struggle among Communism, political Catholicism, and democracy. He is chary of the present alliance between Vatican and free world, asking whether we are not in for a surprise later, like that which followed our World War II alliance with Russia.

The reader who has absorbed the tradition of complete freedom of inquiry will have little difficulty in keeping his temperature down as he reads this book. He will note the large body of evidence, much of it from Church sources, with which Mr. Blanshard documents his arguments that the part of Catholicism which is political rather than religious does not square with much that Americans take for granted in their political philosophy.



He will also see that Mr. Blanshard, while devoting more or less equal space and spirit to the analysis of Communism and political Catholicism, seems less interested in the three-way struggle of these two with democracy than in making a case against a church in politics. At the end, indeed, the author himself argues that, though we are thoroughly aroused to the need for defending our freedoms against Russian Communism, "we have been astonishingly apathetic" about the peril to democracy in political Roman Catholicism.

Mr. Blanshard undertakes to show that the reason for the danger here is that the Vatican is by its own definition a monarchy, because it was formed in a pre-democratic era of history, and so is by nature totalitarian. Hence the parallel he draws, despite the fact that their aims are poles apart and despite other differences, between Communism and the political church. Again and again he returns to the point: "No true Catholic can agree with the doctrine of church-state separation in its American Constitutional form and remain loyal to Vatican policy, because the two are absolutely incompatible."

No doubt there are many rank-and-file Catholics who can read this book more or less dispassionately. These are the ones who go along with Al Smith's admirable stand on this problem in the 1928 Presidential campaign. Yet Mr. Blanshard shows from official Church sources that such a live-and-let-live attitude is at variance with official Church doctrine. So one can take it for granted that the Church as an organization, with the backing of much of the rank and file, will attack this book as violently as it attacked its predecessor. And only one who has been on the receiving end of such an attack, even though he had no purpose except to discuss dispassionately some public issue before the American people, can appreciate its fury.

This is so because of the overlapping between what non-Catholic Americans accept as purely political matters and what the Church deems to fall exclusively within its own province. Mr. Blanshard makes much of the fact that the Church holds itself to be alone qualified to determine through its stand on what it sees as purely moral issues the areas it controls. This is the baffling part of the whole matter. It is difficult to reason with anyone who has unqualified assurance within himself that he alone is right.

One example continually before the American people is education. Mr. Blanshard is no doubt right in saying that "as the public school goes, so will go the future of democratic society." Hence he wants us all to go to school together—in the public school. Yet he forgets that an American tradition even older than that of free public education for all is religious freedom. And if some choose to see in their religion a warrant to set up a different school system it is not easy to dismiss their arguments.

The situation with which this book deals is as difficult as any we face. Yet it is hard to see much hope in Mr. Blanshard's cure. He would have our ambassador to the Vatican speak as frankly as our ambassador to the Soviet Union now speaks to Molotov or Stalin. He wants to demand that the Vatican cancel for the United States its rule against Catholic attendance at public schools, that it grant all Catholic Americans the moral right to study both sides of every social question, and that it recognize American marriage and divorce as valid. If these principles do seem, as he argues, elementary in a democracy the fact remains that a good many Catholics just don't think so.

It is good that we are still free enough to have such a book published. After all, this country is dedicated to the freedom of the human mind. As Thomas Jefferson once put it: ". . . we are not afraid to follow truth wherever it may lead, nor to tolerate error so long as reason is left free to combat it." May we never give up that principle. Upon it is founded all that we have and are.

Herbert Brucker is editor of the Hartford Courant. *His books include "Freedom of Information."*

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—*Harris & Ewing.*

Paul Blanshard and Nora Murray—"freedom of the human mind."

One Who Saw and Heard

I SPIED FOR STALIN. By Nora Murray. New York: Wilfred Funk. 256 pp. $3.

By MARTIN EBON

NORA KORZHENKO as daughter of the Soviet Foreign Office's NKVD chief had lived a sheltered life. A member of Moscow's bureaucratic high society, her father enjoyed the luxuries that are the privilege of the Stalinist elite. When Maxim Litvinov was replaced by Vyacheslaff M. Molotov, Korzhenko the purger was purged; just why, Nora never found out.

As a member of the family of an enemy of the State Nora Korzhenko —her parents exiled—was in constant danger until she herself became an NKVD agent. Her task: to spy on foreigners belonging to the diplomatic corps that makes the Hotel Metropole its social headquarters. In the end, and due to temporary wartime amity between Moscow and London, Nora married a man on whom she had spied, John Murray, air attaché with the British Embassy. She is now in England, where she wrote this book and where it was originally published.

Hollywood's anti-Communist films have been so lacking in finesse that one hesitates to say that here is certainly a book which has all the melodramatic elements of a first-rate movie thriller. But aside from being stranger than fiction · Mrs. Murray's account throws light on some special facets of Stalinist society. It gives us a glimpse into the NKVD itself as seen by the daughter of a secret-service chief. It illustrates the strain of terror that fills the terroristic arm of the Politburo itself.

Nora Korzhenko Murray has been an extraordinarily lucky woman. Time and again she managed to get out of tight scrapes. Old friends of her father did secretly what they could to keep her from the fate of exile, labor camp, torture, and death; others, millions of others, have of course been less fortunate.

She stays away from generalizations and does not moralize, analyze, or interpret. That is all to the good. Here is a straight narrative devoid of flashbacks and self-conscious interpolations; it is a factual account that contains the elements of good fiction writing. The horrors and terrors of Stalinist society are by now widely known and understood. But a book such as this, written by a young woman who matured after the Bolshevik Revolution, helps sharpen our insight into the less-known crevices of Soviet life.

It took a telegram to NKVD boss Lavrenti Beria to pry loose the identity card necessary for the marriage of John and Nora. It took a telegram to Joseph Stalin to permit her to adopt British citizenship. Both these miracles could not have occurred at any other time but the brief comrades-in-arms honeymoon of Soviet-Western relationship of World War II.

After these miracles an NKVD agent gave Nora Murray the final warnings that she remained Russian by blood, that she had "seen and heard many things which would be of use to our enemies in the capitalist world beyond the boundaries of the Soviet," and that she was to remain silent. She has now spoken, because "Russia is bigger than the NKVD."

Martin Ebon is the author of "World Communism Today."

A Search for Truth

MILITARY ATTACHÉ IN MOSCOW. By Richard Hilton. Boston: Beacon Press. 232 pp. $2.75.

By HENRY B. KRANZ

IN "ANGER AND PITY," Robert Magidoff's colorful book about his experiences in Russia, there was the story of a series of incidents contrived against foreigners in Moscow which started in 1947. The first case involving a "foreign spy" was the arrest of the British military attaché Major-General Richard Hilton. He was charged with taking photos of a chemical plant in the neighborhood of the Soviet capital, although he did not even have a camera with him. He was not forced to leave the Soviet Union but only because he enjoyed diplomatic immunity. Later several American and British newspapermen and embassy employees were compelled to leave the country.

Now General Hilton, the first victim of the Kremlin's fear—or should we say hatred of everything foreign? —tells not only the full story of the frame-up but also his observations in Moscow and Moscow's countryside. He lived there for more than a year, he spoke Russian, he met many Russians, officers and simple people. He is no doubt an objective chronicler, and his picture of the USSR is balanced and realistic.

He saw in Moscow perhaps more than most visitors. He liked to take long walks and was extremely courageous and curious. He had been warned that it would not be safe to take a train out into the country where he could walk through fields and forests, but he did not care. He knew that he was shadowed by "sinister-looking individuals," but he saw "no valid reason why I should change the form of recreation which I had followed all my life." No wonder that he met with several very unpleasant adventures, which he writes about, as well as about the Soviet Union and Communism as he saw it in theory and practice, with the cool, sometimes humorous detachment we may expect from a British officer—but one who has read Marx and Lenin.

This explains why the book, based on a diary, is hardly sensational. Most of what General Hilton has to say is known to the student of Soviet affairs. Russia is still a backward country, and the leaders of Communism believe they can strangle the truth in the outer world. The author's ideas about Christianity and Communism, in contrast to those of the Dean of Canterbury, whom he wants to answer, are sound but hardly new. He seems more

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eager to denounce Communism than Stalinism. The chapters on the power of the MVD have been written before with more detail by other observers.

But we have the same feeling we had when we read General Bedell Smith's book on Russia: here is a man who went out to find the truth because he believed in fair play. And we see how disappointed he was when he realized that the Russian people, friendly and easy going, lived in constant fear of being watched. He found that Communism means here "police state" and that the masses have little voice in the matter of war or peace. What General Hilton hardly approaches are the crucial problems: Does Russia want war? Is the Kremlin planning an immediate attack? What is the strength of the Soviet Army? Of the Air Force? What are Russia's resources? How far is she committed in the Far East? What are her plans for Germany?

These a military attaché should have answered. Newspapermen know too little about the facts. General Hilton, however, is silent.

Nevertheless, it is noteworthy that, although he thinks Communism may remain in power as a permanency, he concludes: "There is good reason to hope that in the course of time Communism will shed many of its intolerable features." This seems to be in line with the present British policy, which is also being followed by many other members of the United Nations. Only time will tell whether or not they are too optimistic.

Synopsis of Tragedy

CZECHOSLOVAKIA ENSLAVED. By Hubert Ripka. New York: The Macmillan Co. 339 pp. $3.50.

By Hal Lehrman

ONE SPECTRAL February afternoon in 1948 while the Communist party in Prague was openly girding for the assassination of Czechoslovak freedom Foreign Trade Minister Hubert Ripka and other democratic leaders sat with President Eduard Benes in bleak, pre-mortem discussion of the Soviet-manipulated *coup d'état*. Suddenly the Chief Executive—most responsible among the Czechoslovak statesmen for their suicidal policy of faith in Kremlin promises—delivered himself of the following remarkable outburst:

"I know them, those people in Moscow. You overestimated their intelligence and their farsightedness. I overestimated them, too. They understand nothing of other countries. They take themselves for realists; at bottom they are only fanatics. Their whole policy is a provocation to war. They are as blind as Hitler. Like Hitler, they will suffer the consequences."

Let us devoutly hope so. Meanwhile, Benes is dead, Ripka—who doggedly abetted the Benes belief in Communist virtue—is exiled, and the excellent people of Czechoslovakia are again under a totalitarian boot.

Dr. Ripka's story of how it happened does not conceal his contributions to the disaster, but by implying that the result was inevitable anyway he somehow avoids confessing his errors and even makes them out not to have been errors after all. At every step he carefully notes that the Communists' methods in Czechoslovakia paralleled their methods in Eastern Europe with almost ludicrous unoriginality. His inference is that the Czechoslovak non-Communists cannot be blamed for having gone down the same drain as their colleagues farther to the East. But he fails to observe that it happened in the other countries *first*, that Benes, he, and the others had fair warning, and that they might just conceivably have cheated fate if they had not insisted on imitating the mistakes committed elsewhere.

Thus, for example, although they knew that the knot had already been tied around the throat of liberty in Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria by Communist control of the police, they met the slow infection of the police in their own country with a wringing of hands instead of direct action. Perhaps such vigor would only have hurried the timetable of conquest—but there was always a fighting chance that it might have upset that timetable instead and defeated it. In any case the outcome could not have been blacker than the present reality. On the global scale we have been hardly more foresighted than the Czechoslovak leaders. Therefore, Dr. Ripka's book, despite its tone of personal justification and its rather dull style, should be very useful reading in this country. It constitutes the best synopsis to date of the Prague tragedy and throws the clear light of authentic detail on much that has hitherto been obscure: the Kremlin meeting where Stalin imposed a "second Munich" on the Czechs by forcing them out of the Marshall Plan; the Communist attempt to blow up three non-Communist cabinet ministers by packaged bombs; the blow-by-blow development and execution of the February putsch which stormed the West's last democratic defense in Middle Europe without the firing of a shot. Most of all, it reaffirms and proves once again —if proof is still needed—that Soviet imperialism's chief weapons are the bald lie, the naked fist, and the dissemination of inspired confusion among its adversaries.

Hal Lehrman, foreign correspondent and lecturer, spent eighteen months behind the Iron Curtain immediately after World War II, observing the Soviet "liberation" of Eastern Europe.

"Then, like a fool, I waived my Senatorial immunity!"

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Balkan Question Mark

TITO'S COMMUNISM. By Josef Korbel. Denver: University of Denver Press. 368 pp. $4.

By Leigh White

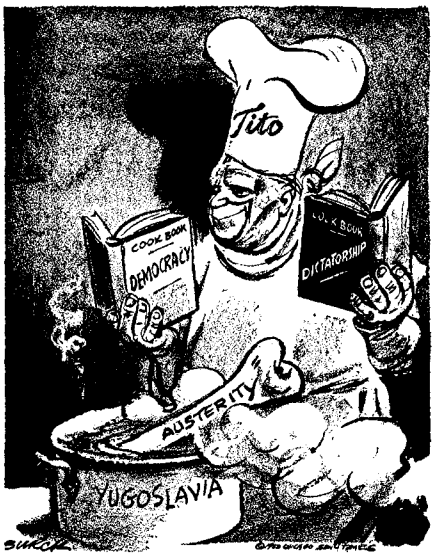
JOSEF KORBEL, who now teaches international relations at the University of Denver, was the Czechoslovakian Ambassador to Yugoslavia from 1945 to 1948. He knew the country well, having served in Yugoslavia before the war, and since he also knew its languages he was far better prepared than most foreigners to grasp the realities of Tito's brand of "popular democracy." His book, though poorly written, is a convincing demonstration of the fact that there is no essential difference so far as the Yugoslav people are concerned between Titoism and Stalinism.

The root cause of Tito's expulsion from the Cominform, according to Korbel, was neither ideological, as Stalin said, nor economic, as Tito said, but rather an insurmountable difference in national psychologies. The Titoists were more than willing to convert Yugoslavia into a Russian province, and the Stalinists were more than pleased with their methods of achieving that imperial objective. If A. Y. Lavrentiev, the Russian Ambassador, had been more of a diplomat and less of a police chief Korbel believes the schism might never have occurred.

As it actually was, however, Lavrentiev and his numerous staff were so overbearing that they finally exhausted Tito's patience. Stalin, who knew only what Lavrentiev chose to tell him, took his Ambassador's word against that of his leading foreign disciple and thus created the very heresy that he, and presumably Lavrentiev, intended to prevent.

It was a tremendous blunder on Stalin's part, and one that we should do everything in our power to exploit to the free world's advantage. But we must not be taken in by our own wishful propaganda. Tito is still a Communist, Korbel warns us, and his regime is as tyrannical as ever. Three years and $250,000,000 after the famous schism the Yugoslav people are as miserable as they were before.

Nor should we have any illusions, Korbel believes, about the possibility of disseminating Titoism behind the Iron Curtain. The conditions that made Titoism possible existed only in Yugoslavia, the one country in Europe in which the Communists were able to seize power without any appreciable help from Russia. The stooges who rule the vassal states are utterly dependent on Russia for their continuance in power. No important defections are likely to occur except in the event of another general war.



"What's Cookin'?"

By the same token Korbel doubts that Titoism will create serious divergences among the Communist fifth columns in Western Europe. Their only hope of seizing power lies in Russian intervention; Yugoslavia will never be strong enough to help them. Hence the only persons likely to embrace Titoism in the West are the fools and romantics whom the real militants have always regarded as expendable.

Shortly before leaving Yugoslavia Korbel had a long conversation with Milovan Djilas, Tito's minister in charge of agitation and propaganda. Djilas, with his usual lack of tact, congratulated him on the Communist putsch in Czechoslovakia. The putsch would help to form "a bouquet of Socialist flowers," Djilas said, a bouquet composed of "common ideals but of different scents. . . ." Three months later the Yugoslav flower had been discarded, but its smell after three years remains the same.

"The crucial question now," according to Korbel, "is whether with the mounting pressure from the East, which increases Tito's need of help from the West, he can be induced in the long run to ease the plight—political and economic—of the Yugoslav nation." Until and unless he does, Korbel believes, it is both foolish and immoral to take comfort in the fact that Tito has recently joined us in condemning Stalin for the same crimes against humanity of which he himself is guilty.

Leigh White, who has served as a Balkan correspondent for several newspapers and wire services, recently published "Balkan Caesar: Tito's Quarrel with Stalin."

Millennia Viewpoint

GEOGRAPHY OF RUSSIA. By N. T. Mirov. New York: John Wiley & Sons. 362 pp. $6.

By Sidney Harcave

THE FRENCH saying "the more things change, the more they remain the same" was chosen by N. T. Mirov as the motto for this book. For the physical geographer it is an apt choice, because his world is actually a relatively stable one. Succeeding millennia have seen few changes on the face of what is now Russia; some rivers have altered their courses, some forests have been cleared or thinned, and a few areas have become warmer—changes which have hardly altered the hairline on Russia's brow. However, there have been changes in the geographers' understanding of Russia, brought about by an accretion of knowledge concerning that country. And out of his personal and scholarly familiarity with that accretion Dr. Mirov has fashioned a book of immediate usefulness to the many now trying to acquaint themselves with that giant empire which stretches over one-sixth of the earth's habitable surface and may be reaching for more.

Designed primarily for college students in the United States (but addressed also to the general reader), "Geography of Russia" utilizes the familiar facts, figures, and terms of American geography to clarify and make meaningful the less familiar Russian geography and brings the subject into contemporary focus by historical reference to developments and acquisitions. It is logically planned for easy reference, introducing first the country as a whole, then describing the topography, climate, soils, vegetation, and animal life of the various regions. The author recognizes twenty regional divisions of the Russian land and presents them under two classifications: the divisions of the great Russian plain, which includes most of European Russia, Western Siberia, and Soviet Central Asia, classified on the basis of their vegetation belts; and the divisions of the areas peripheral to the plain, including such important regions as the Caucasus and the mountains of Northeastern Asia, classified on the basis of their location.

The product is a far better proportioned survey than most of those available in English, too many of which stress the Russian plain at the expense of the peripheral regions, which comprise the major portions of the USSR. The plain, it is true, is the home of the bulk of the Soviet population (and the author has given it proper attention as such); but the

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peripheral regions, particularly those of Eastern Siberia, are not only interesting in themselves but also in these days potentially important. Although the 6,500-foot gorges of the Cherski Range in Northeastern Siberia may not be tourist attractions for many years to come, the area in which they are located may play an important part in the strategy of another war.

"Geography of Russia" must not be taken as a superfluous addendum to other recently published works on the same subject—Theodore Shabad's "Geography of the U.S.S.R." and L. S. Berg's "Natural Regions of the U.S.S.R.," for example. It does not overlap Shabad's book, since the latter is essentially an economic geography. It does show some similarity, however, to the recently translated work of Berg, the noted Soviet geographer, because Dr. Mirov has relied, as he acknowledges, not only upon his personal knowledge of the country in which he was born but also upon the writings of Soviet geographers, particularly Berg. Yet "Geography of Russia" stands apart on the basis of its own special features: the author's attempt to prevent it being merely encyclopedic, his successful direction of it toward the American audience, and his transformation of the professional language of the geographer into interesting and understandable English.

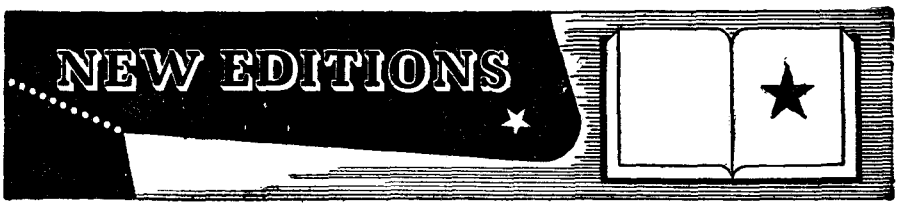
Sidney Harcave is associated with the Russian Research Center of Harvard University.

Test

By Evelyn Ames

NOW, in the light of this unseasonal spring,
I learn a truth I had not seen before:
That love requires the utmost balancing
Of its two votaries, not one hair more
Or less may be allowed to what they are,
And that which binds them asks a loyalty
Strict as the declination of the star
Which gives position to a ship at sea.

Once my reflection in another's eyes
Made me what I was not, distorted fact
With flattery, and I assumed the part—
But I am done with all such compromise,
Apprenticed to a master so exact
Nothing suffices but the purest heart.
More humbly now because of roles I've played,
I offer what I am to be assayed.



CARSON McCULLERS is one of the truly original writers of our time. The lens through which she views the world is eccentrically inclined, and through it she sees sights that others can see only when they are lent her vision. Her values are subtly differentiated from common values. Her sentiment—and her writing is alive with sentiment—never declines into sentimentality, for sentimentality, whatever forms it may assume in different eras, is always a cheap, wholesale commodity, and Miss McCullers does not deal in such wares.

With Defoe she shares the rare gift of knowing how to make her readers believe in the unusual and even the improbable; she sets her more freakish characters and incidents firmly in a frame of commonplace facts and details, which she enumerates precisely. And when she chooses to tell an extremely simple story, as she sometimes does, she deftly manages her ordinary material in a way that is not ordinary.

Her dominant themes, to which she returns again and again, are the themes of loneliness and love: the first is the natural condition of man, while the second is the power by which he may sometimes escape—or persuade himself that he is escaping—from that condition. It is too soon to guess whether or not Miss McCullers's work will prove of lasting interest and importance; but it is possible to say with assurance that her novels and stories, now collected under the title of "The Ballad of the Sad Café" (Houghton Mifflin, $5), are even more impressive on second reading than they were when first read. This is, I think, particularly true of the strange, fascinating tale of Miss Amelia and Cousin Lymon, which gives its title to the collection.

Two other highly original novelists, whose work has been subjected to longer and closer critical scrutiny than has the fiction of Miss McCullers, are represented by recent reprints—D. H. Lawrence by "The Plumed Serpent" (Knopf, $3.75), William Faulkner by "Absalom, Absalom!" (Modern Library, $1.25). The first is introduced by William York Tindall, the second by Harvey Breit, and I recommend these introductions because the writer of each recognizes and indicates the difficulties that may lie between his author's work and new readers.

Other new Modern Library volumes ($1.25 each) are: "The Complete Poetry and Selected Prose of Keats," with an introduction by Harold E. Briggs; "The Selected Poetry and Prose of Shelley," with an introduction by Carlos Baker; and "The Basic Works of Cicero," edited with an introduction and notes by Moses Hadas. The "Keats" and "Shelley" are admirable collections, the one enriched by thirty-odd of Keats's letters—which should send readers back to the second, revised edition of "The Letters of John Keats," edited by Maurice Buxton Forman in 1935 for the Oxford University Press—and the other enriched by selections from Shelley's eloquent essays and prefaces. Mr. Hadas gives us—from the hands of several translators, including his own—"On Old Age"; "Scipio's Dream"; the first books of "On Moral Duties," "Tusculan Disputations," and "On the Character of the Orator"; two orations against Cataline; the brilliant defense of Caelius; the second Philippic; a few of Cicero's many letters; and a brief glossary.

"THE SHORT Stories of James T. Farrell" (Vanguard, $5) contains much of Farrell's most effective writing. Robert Morss Lovett in an article which is reprinted as an introduction to the present volume says: "Farrell's short stories are chips off the blocks of his novels. They are sketches of characters and episodes, casual and often trivial, thrown off with all the prodigality of a Chekhov." I should like to add that the best of them are more than chips or sketches. The best—whether charged chiefly with savage realism, sardonic humor, compassion, or candid amusement—are self-sufficient, rounded specimens of the storyteller's art. Farrell says many things in these tales, but the one thing he says over and over again is that man is a self-deceiving animal, a creature whose self-deception is both life-giving and suicidal.

New volumes in the prettily bound Collector's Edition of Pocket Books (Simon & Schuster, $1.25 each) include "The Pocket History of the United States," by Nevins and Commager—an excellent job of compression; Lord Charnwood's famous "Abraham Lincoln"; "Silas Marner"; and "Famous French Short Stories," edited by Eric Swenson.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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TV and Radio

PITCH FOR SOULS

COLLABORATION between the faiths and TV has been meager to date. CBS's "Lamp Unto My Feet," which first dramatizes its moral, then drives it home with commentary by ministers and laymen, is the only religious program that comes immediately to mind. There may be others, but their paucity is striking in an industry generally as hospitable to pulpit as to playland.

Responsibility for video's apparent scorn for the spiritual may not be laid entirely at the telecaster's door. True, while the "freeze" is on and the SRO sign continues to hang at the sales windows the networks may profitably market time that could otherwise be made available, usually on a sustaining basis, for denominational programs. Radio broadcasters, on the other hand, have always been careful to provide time for the broadly represented faiths. It may be assumed that television would be equally as generous were the demand present.

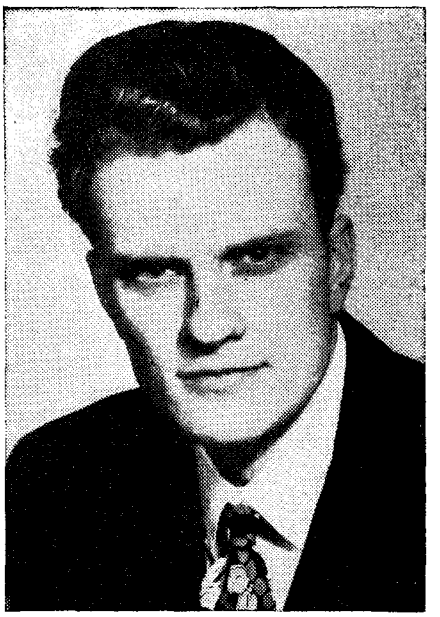
The demand is not present in TV because the denominations are still video shy. They have not yet solved the visual problems of TV preaching. A static television sermon is obviously not desirable. The idea of televising a complete service is rather daring and yet to be fully thought out. The problem of dignity is transcendent. It is probably safe to predict, however, that given the lifting of the "freeze" and given time to overcome understandable hesitations as well as occasion and opportunity to experiment with forms the faiths will eventually be well represented on television. It is difficult to see how they can afford not to make use of so powerful a medium.

As a glimpse into the possibilities, take Memphis, where in a recent Sunday there were more than fifty religious programs on the city's seven radio stations but not a single religious program over WMCT, the only local TV station.

Memphis, however, had its religion, for thirty-two-year-old Billy Graham, the South's most fervent evangelist, was in town, not only on the radio but in person at the Fairgrounds Arena. Fifty-seven thousand men, women, and children had come out to the Fairgrounds to hear the slim, handsome preacher, since he brought his revival crusade to E. J. Crump's "Chicago of the South." On Friday May 25 Memphis high-school students were excused from classes to attend a special youth meeting: 614 of them, according to Graham, accepted his invitation to "walk down the aisle" and begin "the good life."

Billy Graham on the radio is not as effective as Billy Graham at the Fairgrounds. Television would do him fuller justice. On the radio in brief segments of a thirty-minute program the evangelist is eloquent, lusty, but unrelieved. On the broad Fairgrounds platform, encompassing thousands with his sweeping gestures, the loudspeakers resonating his not-too-powerful voice, Graham is multidimensional. He alternately castigates, pleads, reasons, and cracks jokes. Coatless before rows and tiers of fan-flapping men and women of all ages and children rapt through their bubble-gum, Graham's pitch for souls is seasoned with homely idoms, such as "an uppercut to the devil's jaw."

The Billy Graham radio program begins with an associate evangelist's announcement: "This is the hour of decision." The thousand-voice chorus sings "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah." Graham makes a few brief opening remarks, with the chorus in the background. A hymn singer performs a solo; a "reporter" brings the radio audience up to date on the progress of the crusade. A Scriptural reading, another hymn, and then Billy Graham.



Billy Graham—"religious salesmanship."

The theme is the ancient one of crisis, man's arrogance and helplessness, his only hope in repentance and reform. It is the theme of the other fifty-odd religious broadcasts in Memphis on Sundays; the refrain of all religious programs seven days a week. What distinguishes the Billy Graham program is his aggressive utilization of radio's expert "selling" techniques. This evangelist is no rafter-climbing Billy Sunday. He is modern, alert, a talented speaker, surrounded by youthful, well-groomed associates. Over Fairgrounds appearance and microphone performance there is the knowing touch of the shrewd showman. His "up-to-the-minute" religious revival is powered by the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association. It solicits funds to pay the cost of an $8,000 per week broadcastings budget (gifts income-tax deductible).

"The Hour of Decision" is also heard in Denver, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Fransisco, New York, and Wheeling. Billy Graham is shooting for the midnight hour all over the nation, "now a secular hour, to be devoted expressly to revival in our time." On the evangelist's itinerary for January 1952 is Washington, D. C., where he will "invite" the President and Congress to "walk down the aisle."

Many people today in their deep need are accepting Billy Graham's invitation. You may decline when it comes your way—but for an interesting sample of the latest thing in religious salesmanship catch Billy Graham at some witching hour on ABC. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Meetinghouse

By Norma Lay

A TEMPLE presupposed. Then Joseph Taylor,
carpenter, Friend, laid out this height, this length,
under the mathematical eye of beauty.
From a phrase it rose: We need a Meetinghouse.
Men that had spoken bought, then came themselves,
men past their years of work, with shovels, saws,
concrete, nails, hammers. Edward Jacob,
Archibald Tyson, Josiah Newbold, Charles
Washburn, Birdsall Passmore, John Percy.
Each noon their women came, set up a stove
and fed them. Caroline Jacob, Elizabeth Percy,
Elizabeth Washburn, Birdsall Passmore's daughter
Helen, Rebecca Newbold. Deep in an age
steel-bondaged, deeper in faith, these men, these women
probed simplicity. Their building stands.

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Music to My Ears

MORE FESTIVAL, AND TEA IN SURREY

LONDON.

AS THE fair-haired boy of English music Benjamin Britten is a character drawn to the life such as few contemporary dramatists could achieve. He is slim, smiling, likable, with a boyish gait surprising for one approaching forty and close-curled hair, fairish. When he bows it is with the disarming manner of one more accustomed to hunching over a desk than acknowledging public applause.

These were observations culled from the first sight of Britten as composer-conductor at a Festival Hall concert in which his "Spring Symphony" was the mullable matter of the evening. With a hundred men in place on the orchestra platform and a chorus of two hundred towering over them the entrance of most conductors would tend to be a mere incident. But Britten was greeted with a swell of applause that began *mezzoforte* and rose to a full *fff* as all in the hall joined in what seemed a thanksgiving for the grace of a composer they could call their own. An hour and some considerable music later the echo of the first ovation filled the hall, this time swelled by scattered decorous foot stamps, some hoarse "hurrahs," and the ensemble hands of orchestra and chorus. It was a rare and direct tribute from the heart to the heart and it should have made Britten very happy.

The music between accolades suffered, I think, by the composer's well-meaning but hardly apt direction. He belongs, I would say, to the dumbbell school of conductors—a phrase descriptive not of ends but means. Somewhat like a man lifting a heavy weight, Britten grasps the baton just about the middle and flourishes it toward the various points of the compass in the manner of a fresh-air fiend doing his morning exercises. Occasionally a thrust pinpoints an accent in the music, but between the composer's attentive reading of his own score on the desk and his spacious arabesques the performance got along as far as it could as well as it could. The performers being all attention, it fared fairly well. Plainly, however, Britten's contribution was inspirational rather than useful.

As a work the "Spring Symphony" runs a remarkably parallel, and in some ways a disturbingly similar, course to other consequential scores of this composer—"Peter Grimes," "The Rape of Lucretia," "Albert Herring," the serenade for tenor, horn, and strings, the "Sinfonia da Requiem," etc. That is, the first impression is generally one of esteem, sometimes even of admiration and enthusiasm for outstanding episodes of musical expression—this scene, that aria, a movement, a page; with, of course, the *longueurs* and lapses of attention which, one assumes, will sound better with familiarity. Oddly, however, they don't. Rather, the high spots tend to become more prominent, the low ones increasingly extended. Whether it will all level off eventually on a plane of mediocrity I'd hesitate yet to say; but the plain evidence seems to be that Britten is not sufficiently conscious of his own best level, too often settles for "filler" matter not worthy of him. The new "Billy Budd" when it comes along should provide some relevant data on this fairly consequential point.

* * *

Following the fair-haired boy in Festival Hall came on the next evening a black-maned man who could honorably show a sprinkle of gray thus far spared him. The John Barbirolli who strolled to the head of the Hallé Orchestra of Manchester on its first appearance in Festival Hall was distinguished from the man known to New York in the Thirties by more than the titular "Sir." Ease, assurance, self-possession were all manifest in the demeanor of a musician prematurely exposed to the crucible of Carnegie Hall, which either hardens or melts. Barbirolli's basic metal has survived that test, it is now evident, and the richly resonant, fully responsive ensemble he has molded from not too malleable material bears his stamp firm and clear.

Probably it is just now that Sir John should come to the Philharmonic-Symphony in New York and give the finely colored direction he applied to the "Intermezzo" from Delius's "Fennimore and Gerda" or the broad sweeping treatment of Elgar's "Enigma Variations." Since history decreed otherwise it is Manchester and the North of England generally which profit from his strong disciplinarian faculty, his ear for string tone, his genuine participation in the work of the players. An oddity to American eyes was the sight of twenty-two women who occupy posts as leading oboe, trombone, and percussion players as well as more usual places in the string section.

Seen from across the spaces of the auditorium Barbirolli after a decade seemed little changed in mere physical appearance; the black hair flounced irregularly after a few pages, the arms worked with broad, expansive gestures. Close to, at the evening's end, one absorbed from leaner, grayer features the imprint of the real labor

—Otto Rothschild-Musical America.

Sir John Barbirolli—"prematurely exposed to the crucible of Carnegie Hall."

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entailed by any such work of creation as he has achieved. "It's a good orchestra, isn't it?" he acknowledged to some words of praise. "We play together every day." By British standards this is the millennium; and Barbirolli has achieved it.

* * *

As befits the principal place of opera-giving in England's principal city, Covent Garden has entered into the festival spirit with the production of a new work by Britain's senior composer, Ralph Vaughan Williams. All this is suitable enough, but the work is an adaptation of John Bunyan's "The Pilgrim's Progress" and really no opera at all. Thus the deed has had to take the place of the word.

True to the subject, "The Pilgrim's Progress" as Vaughan Williams has treated it is more a morality play than anything else. It is, in fact, billed as a "Morality in a Prologue, Four Acts and an Epilogue," in which the symbolic characters of Timorous, Mistrust, Pliable, Obstinate, Mr. By-Ends, and Madam By-Ends, etc., are reproduced in a lavish profusion of personnel. Around and about them goes the figure of the Pilgrim, splendidly impersonated by Arnold Matters. But to say that he "goes" is merely to use a metaphor. Most of the time he stands still in a kind of Parsifalian exposition of an idea, the figure of a drama waged much more in words than in action.

But even in failing to meet the requirements of a true theatre production Vaughan Williams has been essentially true to his own conception of the function of words and music. As may be observed from the coincidental performances of his "Hugh the Drover" at the Sadler's Wells's Theatre, Vaughan Williams is ardently attached to the chorus as a protagonist in his stage writings. There is much splendid music in "The Pilgrim's Progress," and none more splendid than that which he has written for the chorus at the end of scene one in act three, as Lord Hategood condemns Pilgrim to prison and death. The malediction of "Guilty!" as echoed by the crowd is almost Moussorgskyan in its intensity.

But that point is an isolated high spot in a work which speaks eloquently of the composer's conviction but in measured, almost slow, accents. It would not surprise, however, to find "The Pilgrim's Progress" turning up in concert form or as a masque for outdoor performance on appropriate occasions. Even in so able a version as managed at Covent Garden under the the direction of young Leonard Hancock it does not hold the interest on stage.

* * *

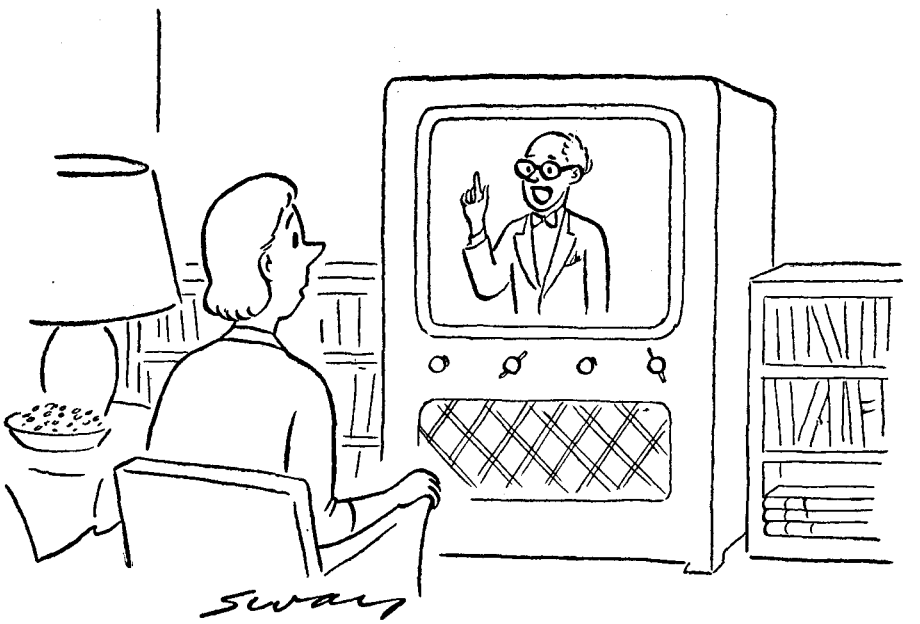
While the halls of London are resounding with much music (a lot of it good) and even more applause (some of it sincere) one of the perennial features of English musical life has been slowly assuming tangible form down in Surrey, where the Glyndebourne Opera is aborning. According to good and admirable custom, the repertory is exclusively Mozart, with "Idomeneo" this year added to the customary trio of "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and "Cosi fan tutte."

A rehearsal period presented all sorts of relevant reasons for the celebrated standards associated with Glyndebourne Mozart. The lunch period was still on at arrival time, and the bright sun (no monotonous phenomenon even in Surrey this spring) had lured tenors and baritones, sopranos and contraltos to the tennis courts for sub-club doubles, to a Ping-pong table for excited whacking, or into the spacious gardens for sedentary sunning or fleeting perusal of a score. Behind the theatre members of the production staff were stretching canvas on a frame; off to the side an assistant stage manager was reviewing a bit of stage business with one of the principals. It all suggested the kind of physical well-being and undistracted dedication known in America perhaps, only, at festival time in Tanglewood.

Half an hour later in the darkened, chilly interior of the tiny opera house —its stone-block construction would give welcome relief from the July sun, but it still carried a wintry insulation from the modest warmth outside—the other side of the Glyndebourne medal showed itself. Assembled in the still unpainted set for the second act of "Figaro" was a mélange of operatic talents. Quickly identifiable were Alfred Poell (the Count), Lisa della Casa (Countess), and Alois Pernestorfer (Figaro), all of Vienna; and Genevieve Warner (Susanna) and Dorothy MacNeill (Cherubino), both of New York. The weight of experience was easily on the side of the Europeans; but with director Carl Ebert elaborating his conception of the action at this point all were equals.

With John Pritchard (assistant to Fritz Busch and one of England's rising young operatic conductors) giving cues both to the singers and the rehearsal pianist, a prompter providing lines, and the stage director coaching his subordinates in off-stage noises Ebert went painstakingly through the complicated scene in alternate (almost simultaneous) German and English. From a beginning at 2:30 work was uninterrupted till tea-time two full hours later; and they were indeed full hours for Warner, of the Metropolitan, and MacNeill, of the City Center. One could almost see the transformation of them from ambitious young singers, with the best kind of latent talents, into actual Mozartian characters. Twenty-four or forty-eight pots of tea later they may be, indeed, Susanna and Cherubino.

—Irving Kolodin.



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SRL Goes to the Movies

SHOOTING THE REAL McCOY

—From "He Ran All the Way."

Shelley Winters, John Garfield, Wallace Ford, Bobby Hyatt—"remorseless and compelling."

CONTRARY to popular opinion, when a major motion-picture company decides to shoot a picture against its natural background the possibility of saving pots of money rarely enters into their calculations. For them in most cases the costs of location work are actually higher. It is always expensive to send out a unit. It involves not merely the actors, director, and cameraman but also a tremendous retinue of assistant cameramen, electricians, sound engineers, prop boys, and other supernumeraries too supernumerous to mention. And in the meantime the studio overhead still goes on—even though the studio may not be used at all for this particular production. Consequently a producer must first produce an awfully good reason for taking his crew off on location before the studio will give its consent. On the other hand, for the many small independent outfits that have been mushrooming around Hollywood in the last few years location work does mark a real economy. These organizations would ordinarily rent studio space by the day, which is very expensive, for the number of days or weeks required to shoot their picture. Shooting the real McCoy instead often means for them considerable savings.

At present there are several new films — all moderate- or low-budget jobs — that point the same moral: that pictures can gain importantly from the authenticity of their backgrounds. "Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison" (Warner Brothers), for example, might have been no better and no worse than any of the dozens of prison pictures that we have seen since all hell broke loose in "The Big House" back in 1930. But the fact that this one was actually made inside the walls of Folsom Prison, depicting conditions that existed there for many years prior to a reform administration in 1944, adds a bit to the stature of the film. Certainly its story is routine —the brutal warden who maintains order by force, the hardened con who plans a break, the usual assortment of stoolies and hoods, the enlightened reformer, the final fury of the break itself. But the mechanics of prison life, the details of guarding Folsom's thousands of inmates, the very appearance of the forbidding cell blocks with their black iron doors and whitewashed granite walls contribute to this picture's fascination. Ted de Corsia as the warden and Steve Cochran as the ringleader in the revolt, it must be added, help considerably to sustain the excitement throughout.

Less obvious perhaps, but even more important, is the way authentic backgrounds key a new psychological drama, "He Ran All the Way," an independent production released through United Artists. The treatment here is extreme naturalism. John Garfield, a young hoodlum, flees from a payroll holdup, meets Shelley Winters, and goes home with her, terrorizing her family until she can help him in his getaway. Much of the film is done in interiors representing the Dobbs' tenement flat—a brilliantly accurate reconstruction of a lower middle-class ménage.

But it is the authenticity of the exteriors which insists that this story, though based on a novel by Sam Ross, might have been carved from actual experiences. The teeming slum life through which Garfield moves, the almost documentary description of a daylight armed robbery, and a wonderfully textured sequence in a public swimming pool, all early in the film, prepare a background that spreads its influence over every subsequent moment. The reality of this background pervades the action of the rest of the picture, and veteran cameraman James Wong Howe and production designer Harry Horner should both share honors with director John Berry in making this possible. The small cast, which besides the principals includes Wallace Ford, Selena Royle, Gladys George, and Norman Lloyd, is without exception helpful in sustaining the mood of this grim, remorseless, and compelling study of the mental disintegration of an anti-social character when surrounded by normal human beings.

* * *

Again, to sport films the fact that the camera can carry the spectator around the country is an important asset. Recently "Follow the Sun" (20th Century-Fox) showed Glenn Ford as Ben Hogan playing on some of the most famous golf links in the country. Now "The Guy Who Came Back," also from Fox, does the same for pro football; and the fact that we see Wrigley Field and other authentic football locales does much to persuade the audience that Paul Douglas's Harry Joplin, a football star on the skids, is every bit as real a person as Ford's Ben Hogan. Though most of the picture was made in the Fox studio and exteriors are relatively few, you must see the film to realize just how persuasive those few can be. Actually only those hardened moviegoers who know how impossibly sweet all characters in a "genuine" movie biography invariably are would ever suspect that "The Guy Who Came Back" is fiction; Joan Bennett and Linda Darnell, the girls who love "the guy," are alto-

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Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
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Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

gether too acid to be real by those rather complicated standards.

* * *

It would be wrong, however, to suggest that this technique of carrying the camera outside the studio every time the story moves out of the house can have a universal application. Though felicitous in emphasizing the grain of truth in any plot idea, it can also magnify the falseness. And this week's bumper crop of pictures hints at that as well. "Three Steps North" (United Artists), for instance, was made in Italy with part American, part Italian cast and crew. Its story of an ex-G.I. who returns to Italy to search for buried treasure would be at least questionable under the kliegs. Set against the sun-drenched landscapes of Southern Italy it becomes downright ridiculous. Lloyd Bridges, Lea Padovani, and Aldo Fabrizi are among the fine actors wasted on this melodrama. "St. Benny the Dip," also United Artists, uses New York landmarks as background for a fable about three con men who steal ecclesiastical vestments to elude the police, then open a Bowery mission to serve as their hide-out. Perhaps Damon Runyon could have done something with this idea, but it is clearly beyond the powers of anyone employed on this picture. Here natural backgrounds, obviously used because they are cheaper, simply point up the essential cheapness of the entire production.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

SRL Recommends

He Ran All the Way: Reviewed in this issue.

Go for Broke: How the Nisei's 442nd Regimental Combat Team earned its honors. (*SRL* May 26.)

The Emperor's Nightingale: Czech production of the Hans Christian Andersen tale, enacted by stringless puppets. (*SRL* May 12.)

The Brave Bulls, The Bullfighter and the Lady: Next best thing to a trip to Mexico so far as the philosophy and art of the great Spanish sport are concerned. (*SRL* May 5.)

Tales of Hoffmann: Laudable experiment in combining three arts (opera, ballet, and motion picture), with Robert Rounseville and a notable cast of dancers, the last in excellent, dubbed-in voice. (*SRL* April 28.)

The Thing: An interplanetary saucer and its pilot—a wonderful new monster—in what is close to being a horror masterpiece. (*SRL* April 21.)

Kon-Tiki: Science - adventure of six men on a balsa raft from Peru to Polynesia. Exciting, amateur photography, with witty narration by Thor Heyerdahl. (*SRL* April 14.)

Fourteen Hours: Makes you feel as if you'd spent fourteen hours yourself with an Irish cop cajoling a young would-be suicide from a seventeenth-floor window ledge. (*SRL* March 24.)

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 20*)

Elton Mayo. And, of course, George Burton is accompanied on his journey by Mr. Wharton's readers.

This tour is all very interesting and informative and even exciting, but the most interesting item encountered is the theory of "mattergy" which has been evolved by Dr. Byrne and Alfred Henley—presumably with Mr. Wharton's approval. Briefly, this theory holds that there is a basic universal stuff "which can *manifest* itself as either matter or energy or a combination of both." According to this theory energy can be transformed into matter just as matter can be transformed into energy. In the light of it nothing could be more absurd than to think of mind and body as distinct and different "things"; but it is quite proper to "think of you, or me, or anyone else, as a manifestation of mattergy combining, for the moment, what we call matter and energy." For the believers in mattergy evolution is "a *two-way* doctrine. The love-and-creation current tends to evolve from simple to complex, death-and-destruction from complex to simple." But Henley assumes "that in mattergy itself the odds are tipped, ever so slightly, ever so infinitesimally, in favor of the love-and-creation current." So optimism is justified. The theory of mattergy has great significance for the individual, for it means that his actions are influenced not only by conscious and subconscious forces but "by every force, known or unknown, that exists in the universe." It also provides for a kind of immortality and serves as the basis of a philosophy in which "man is not a necessary element."

George Burton's attempt to find a cure for his malady is, in fact, nothing less than a search for a faith to live by; and as his quest proceeds he realizes that there can be no such faith without a firm and satisfying conception of what man himself is. Byrne and Henley have found at least a working satisfaction in their theory of mattergy.

They are further fortified in the business of living by their belief in "the coming psychical revolution," during which a key will be found to unlock the door of psychical power just as a key has been found to unlock the door of atomic power. Already, Burton learns, "an unknown army" is working toward the discovery of this key. Scientists in all fields are accumulating data that will quickly snowball into effective knowledge, once it is collated. Man will achieve

—*Halsman.*

John F. Wharton—"thought-provoking."

happiness when he is able to function in "a proper rhythm of tension and release"—and that ability will be his in the near future.

Here, surely, is ground for high hope and high endeavor. But it hardly serves to alleviate Burton's present pain or to advance his happiness, for he belongs to the "in-between" generation—an ignorant and doubtful generation that has, according to Henley, no better chance at happiness or unhappiness than the flip of a coin would give it. So the best Burton can do is to arrive at a partial understanding of his malady and take his chances. But when we leave him he is a far wiser man than when we met him; and when at the end of the story he instinctively chooses one of three possible roads we find it pleasant to believe that he is being guided by the controlling force that Dr. Byrne would call his "superconscious."

What Mr. Wharton has done in this ingenious, fascinating, thought-provoking book is to share with his readers his own extensive reading and thinking in the area of the psychical sciences (he also dips briefly into social science) and to underline the urgent need of a usable synthesis of all relevant data from widely separated fields of research. He might have cast his material in the classical dialogue form, but—undoubtedly with a view to reaching as many readers as possible—he has wisely chosen to present his dialogues in a frame of attractive fiction.

"The Explorations of George Burton" is not a profound work, and it was not meant to be. But it should enjoy the wide popularity for which it was designed; for Mr. Wharton's mind and the minds to which he introduces us are well worth knowing—whether or not his optimism is justifiable.

Fiction Notes

APRIL SNOW. By Lillian Budd. Lippincott. $3. It is all black and white in the Kristianson home, which is an island farm off the coast of Sweden. Peter, the husband, is brutal, bullying, and bigoted. Sigrid, the wife, is courageous, intelligent, faithful to her marriage vows, a devoted mother, and a competent manager of her inherited farm. If Peter were allowed one redeeming trait or Sigrid permitted to develop a single human weakness the over-all picture would be more convincing.

As it is, Sigrid emerges from her almost incredible tribulations more as a legendary saint or one of the heroic figure-heads carved for the prow of a Viking ship than as a woman of flesh and blood. She bears Peter eleven living children and finally posthumous stillborn twins. One of her children has a ghastly birthmark, another is a hopeless cripple. Sigrid develops their individual talents, shields them from the blight that is their father, and embues them with her sturdy spirit. Eventually Peter dies, and his family's cold-blooded acceptance of his passing is a shocking comment on his wasted life.

Lillian Budd has been lavish with detail and has created a fascinating atmosphere. There is no question of her familiarity with Swedish farm life and folklore; whether, as she seems to think, endurance is the badge that identifies a good woman is a subject for debate. The ghastly treatment that Peter visited upon his wife throughout the years of their marriage, brutality the more horrible because of his twisted interpretation of religion, makes Sigrid's submission something less than noble and fine. A good woman might have left him after the birth of their first child.

—JOSEPHINE LAWRENCE.

EVERY MAN HIS SWORD. By Irving Schwartz. Doubleday. Clothbound, $3. *Paperbound,* $1. Outwardly Jemimah was a pleasant, quietly progressive little Southern community, with its Main Street, its movie, its dusty, green square where the Confederate monument stood, its dry goods and hardware and drug stores, its cotton mills, un-unionized, its Colored Town beyond the railroad tracks, its color lines distinctly drawn. But that August morning on which the book opens the white citizens of Jemimah were troubled. They discussed the matter evasively. If the Negro had been beaten up and dragged through the streets of the town behind the sheriff's car, let's not talk about it, he must have had it coming to him, it'll blow over. But it didn't. In the

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ten days following there were three more murders.

Mr. Schwartz's novel is a story of bloodshed and violence, of persecution and terrorism, told tersely, episodically, vividly, and graphically. Jemimah could be any community anywhere in the world where there was an oppressed minority deprived of their dignity, denied justice. The underlying theme of the book is that wherever there is oppression there will be reprisal by the oppressed eventually and terribly.

Paul Levy, the young Jewish GI back home in Jemimah with something strange about him after his war experiences, sees the larger picture, and he copes with it in the only way possible to him—wrongly, mistakenly, out of his fever and confusion and troubled dreams. "I didn't even have the choice," he says, "all I did was explode when they lit a fuse in my stomach. . . . I don't want anyone else to explode . . . but if they keep lighting fuses—"

As a psychological study of a murderer the book is weak, for Mr. Schwartz has sacrificed a complete characterization in the interests of mystery and suspense. But as a voice raised against the evils of persecution and intolerance it is compelling and powerful. The introduction of perversion and adultery into the already adequate violence of the theme seems to me, however, to be employing horror for horror's sake; Mr. Schwartz's clinical descriptions of some of his unpleasant characters are enough to keep one awake at night. Jemimah and its persecution of a minority, its retribution at the hands of one who knew that any minority was all minorities, is an extreme example. But Mr. Schwartz has chosen the extreme example to point his moral—the mutual degradation of the oppressor and the oppressed and the terror of the inevitable breaking point.

—SARA HENDERSON HAY.

MY HEART IN HIDING. By Lois Edwards. Morrow. $3. Georgia Murray, an attractive young American woman whose adored British husband has been killed in the war, lingers on in London after his death, unable to assuage her grief. In her ceaseless struggle to escape from sorrow she falls into the habit of walking alone through the dark London streets after she comes home from her day's work, and it is on one of these haunted midnight flights that she first encounters the Lady Helen Childe. Imperious, rich, and arrogant, the Lady Helen had been a great beauty out of England's top drawer until her face had been frighteningly scarred in the blitz.

Having accepted the Lady Helen's strange and sudden request that she accompany her as friend-companion to Switzerland for the skiing, Georgia soon learns what a malevolent intention has prompted the arrangement. And when a party of the Lady Helen's old friends, particularly the enormously attractive young Frenchman Guy de Montfort, appears Georgia is forced to face the fact that she has put herself in a thoroughly unpalatable position. At the De Montfort country place, however, where the party pays a long visit when skiing palls, Georgia, although hardly able to believe it, finds the love she thought was never to be hers again.

This is that favorite of all young-girl day dreams, the Cinderella story, embellished with some new twists and played against a background of Continental high-life. Reality, either psychological, emotional, or material, is not allowed for one moment to interfere with its dramatic unfolding.

—PAMELA TAYLOR.

THE PROMISING YOUNG MEN. By George Sklar. Crown. $3. This novel about a tennis bum raises an interesting qualitative question. How bad must a book be to get rejected by a publisher? Over-adjectived and overwritten, "The Promising Young Men" has every cliché and every trite situa-

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 418

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 418 will be found in the next issue.

NUFDPCKDE CSB

BCSPA'E FDVBJCZKDX

NUDFNBDPE.

—ACQPAUSDB.

Answer to Crypt No. 417

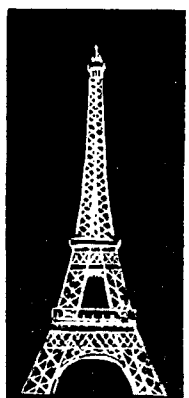
In plucking the fruit of memory one runs the risk of spoiling its bloom. —CONRAD.

"The best book of its kind in existence."
—ARTHUR MIZENER,
author of The Far Side of Paradise

EXILE'S RETURN

A LITERARY ODYSSEY OF THE 1920's

by Malcolm Cowley



THE VIKING PRESS
18 East 48th St., New York 17

"A unique book. It is the irreplaceable account of the most dramatic episode in American literary history, the story of the so-called 'expatriates' after the First World War and the how-and-why of their going abroad and coming home again. Malcolm Cowley was the man who saw and lived it all."—VAN WYCK BROOKS

Originally published in 1934, *Exile's Return* is an informal and personalized history of the "lost generation" that illuminates, through personal memoir and anecdote, the current of ideas that moved beneath the tumultuous literary life of the time. For the new edition Cowley has rounded out the story with new material on Ezra Pound, Scott Fitzgerald, Hart Crane, Harry Crosby, and others. A new introduction and an epilogue sets the period and its genuine achievements in perspective. $3.50

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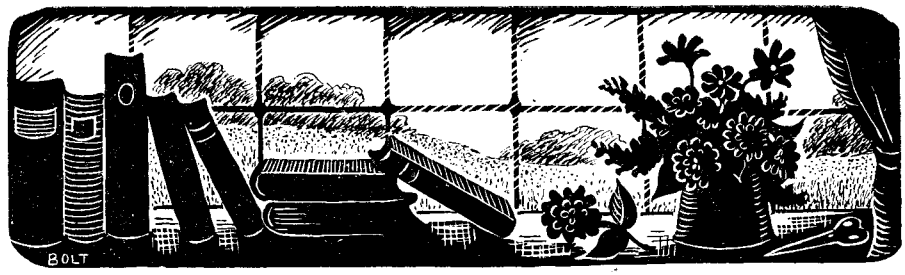
tion imaginable. There is the poor boy of foreign extraction from the wrong side of the tracks who makes good in the snobbish world of tennis, and even—you won't believe this—the girl who is rain-soaked and ends up by taking off her clothes and drying them on the radiator in the hero's bedroom. The latter, who starts seducing ladies early on, seems to have been a heel, and it is difficult to see that tennis did more than accentuate this. And while sympathizing entirely with the author's viewpoint on athletics and what they do to our champions, it must be admitted that finding your wife in bed with a lover an hour before the finals of the Nationals is not exactly an indictment of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association.

The writing lacks restraint, and to tennis players there is little verisimilitude in the accounts of matches at Wimbledon and Forest Hills. In fact, as a picture of the evils of big-time sport the whole thing is unconvincing.

Mr. Lampell's "The Hero" remains to date the best account we have of the corruption of leisure-time activities in the United States today.

—J. R. Tunis.



THE HISTORY OF THE ADVENTURES OF GEORGE WHIGHAM AND HIS FRIEND, MR. CLANEY HOBSON. By Kyle Crichton. Crown. $3. In response to some compulsion that only he can name Kyle Crichton has labored diligently to construct a self-conscious literary pastiche. It has pleased him to narrate the adventures of his George Whigham, a sort of Third Avenue Candide, in the deliberate and circumlocutory terms of eighteenth-century discourse — let us say, that of Fielding—and to surround him with a variety of zany characters and incalculable excursions in the manner of, let us suppose, Sterne.

We perceive Mr. Whigham and his friend Mr. Hobson caught up in the currents of a fashionable East Side wedding, the backwash of which swirls about McDevitt's Third Avenue Bar and sucks in all inhabitants thereof. Elsie Pollard is marrying a Mr. Arthur Ellsworth, of the Ellsworths, but she does not love him. She is, in fact, sweet on that innocent and irresistible George Whigham, and the plot now runs its course in the time-honored manner: the wedding rehearsals, the mounting uncertainties, the tardy bride, the reluctant wedding, the compromising circumstances, the nullification, and the closing of the destined lovers. Not too snappy a plot, but it might have come off under other circumstances. Here it is snowed under by the author's devotion to his task of dressing it in ancient verbiage. I choose a page at random—really at random—and we read:

> The theory was widely held in some quarters that Mr. Claney Hobson had invented Professor Wappinger, and the generally tentative nature of the Professor's personality lent credence to the supposition, but Mr. Hobson rebutted the argument smartly and asked all interested parties to have a look at their own peculiar deficiencies, which, in his view [Mr. Hobson's], required far more attention than anything that might be attributed to Professor Wappinger.

For over two hundred and fifty pages of this kind of icing you would need a much better cake inside than there is. I should say that Mr. Wodehouse would have known exactly how to handle this story, even on Third Avenue. Undistinguished as it is, it deserves a better fate than to be crushed amid long compound sentences.

—Nathan L. Rothman.

CLOUDGAP. By Helen La Penta. Harper. $3. Jodie Maywood's father had a good many unorthodox views on the education of his pretty, motherless daughter. Being an artist himself, it was natural that he should send her to study painting in Paris but typical of his unconventional gestures that he should arrange for her to stay with a cynical and worldly woman who had been his mistress and had tried, but vainly, to take him away from his beautiful wife.

Just before Jodie's departure her father learned that an eccentric friend had willed him Cloudgap, an old New England family place which seemed to have a mysteriously potent effect upon the people who lived there. Almost at once Cloudgap began to cast its spell on the Maywoods; it was to have an irresistible pull which finally would summon Jodie back to her true love, back from the enchantments of Paris, back from the romantic and sensuous charms of Italy. Italy, where she visited and came to love her mother's family, where she almost married, was to teach her a

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

DICKENS'S CHARACTERS SPEAK OF LOVE

Martha Clay, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, asks you to identify these Dickens characters who made the following observations on the tender passion. Allowing five points for the person speaking and five for the novel in which he appears, a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, and seventy or better is excellent. Answers on page 44.

1. "There is a man who would give his life to keep a life you love beside you."
2. "To be near her has been a recompense to me from day to day even for the undeserved treatment I have had here."
3. "Thy image has ever since been fixed in my heart. I have walked up and down of an evening opposite . . . house only to look upon the bricks that once contained thee."
4. "If you could see my legs when I take my boots off, you'd form some idea of what unrequited affection is."
5. "He began to throw cucumbers over our wall."
6. "No lover had ever loved, might, could, would, or should ever love as I loved. . . . The more I raved the more Jip barked. Each of us in our own way got more mad every moment."
7. "I generally call Prince my darling child."
8. "The blessed darling comes of no family and never looked into the red book and hasn't a notion about her grandmother. What a fortune for the son of my mother!"
9. "Ere this reaches you, the undersigned will be . . . if not a corpse . . . on the way to Van Dieman's land. Send not in pursuit. I never will be taken alive . . . I will not reproach, for I have wronged you."
10. "You're never safe with them . . . ven they vunce have designs on you."

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areas—carefully marked with SFO signs (small fry only)—inside of which are all kinds of devices to keep the little devils from blowing each other up while the big fry are off golfing. There is even, for that matter, a pint-sized golf course with two holes, a caddy house, and a third-hole milk bar. Rates on a modified American plan (room, breakfast, and dinner) start at $10 a day for a single with running water but no bath.

THE CASTLE HARBOUR in Tucker's Town across the water reopened since we were in Bermuda last and it is *comme hôtel*, as the French are fond of putting it, about the poshest place on the island. It has 300 rooms, each at least fifteen by sixteen feet, each with its own bath, each with a view of the world outside. The grounds are landscaped and lovely, particularly a sunken garden called, for some capricious reason, the Coffee Chine. There is a fine swimming pool in the back of the hotel, and a continuous free bus service runs to the beach on the South shore. Castle Harbour adjoins the Mid-Ocean golf club (green fee: $4) which is famous, tricky, and elegant, and there is dancing every night but Sunday in the Castle Rendezvous, a mammoth and rather attractive night club in the hotel basement. Rooms for single occupancy will cost you from $18 to $24 a day or $22 to $38 for two in a double room. The rate here, too, is modified American plan, but the Bermuda restaurants are inclined to set a better table than the hotels, and the system gives you a chance to get around.

Anyone who would prefer to be near Hamilton might have a look at the Bermudiana, two hundred and fifty yards from the docks, which reopened last March after a million-dollar overhauling. Once a member of the Hilton chain, it is now an apartment hotel with room for 250. Studio apartments with baths rent for $6 a person or $8 for two, and for an extra two dollars you can have the same arrangement with a kitchenette. There is a commissary on the premises, and maids are on hand to cook or serve at fifty-six cents an hour. For those who would rather dispense with the whole kitchen business there is a restaurant, as well as a bar. There is also a theatre.

Bermuda's distinctive accommodation is the guest house, or informal hotel, of which Harmony Hall near Hamilton is a fair example. It is comprised of a series of one-story pink buildings all connected by corridors, and it can hold sixty-five with all beds spoken for. It gets a young crowd, particularly honeymooners, who pay about $13 a day full American plan or $16 in the bridal suites, each of which is equipped with a private porch or balcony and a garden entrance. There is a night club in the basement, called the Gombey Room principally because it is inhabited once a week by some of Bermuda's Gombey dancers, who raise a hell of a racket on fife and drums and stomp around decked out in leopard-skin costumes and headdresses of peacock feathers. The Gombeys also appear in considerably larger numbers each Boxing Day in Bermuda, which is the day after Christmas, traditionally in England a holiday for servants. Bermuda's servants make a festival of it, mix in African trappings, and dance and sing calypso while the onlookers toss them shillings of encouragement.

Aside from such heaven-sent advantages as the sun and the sea, Bermuda also offers some man-made bargains which are frequently too attractive to pass up. Shetland sports jackets for men are about $42, Shetland sweaters for ladies are $7.50, and if you're returning by sea with no overweight worries each person is allowed to bring back five fifths, or one gallon, of liquor duty free. If you buy in bond you can get five bottles of good scotch for $12, five bottles of assorted cordials for $12.50, or five bottles of name-brand gin for $8. You plunk down your money in the liquor store and you never see the cases until they are delivered under your letter at the pier in New York. Baggage is unloaded first, however, and if you have hootch in the hatch it will delay you for at least half an hour on arrival. Prices on French perfume are also a distinct improvement over what you pay at home. For one thing there is no 20 per cent excise tax, which Uncle Sam unromantically imposes on all instruments of allure.

Anyone who runs low on cash in Bermuda can have a turn at the Shelly Bay race track, one of the only courses in the world where the horses disappear from general view for three-quarters of the race. It is darkly rumored that during the long periods of disappearance from public view horses are often switched in mid-race, a practice that could play holy hob with the odds. —HORACE SUTTON.

TRAVELERS' TALES

NO WOMAN'S COUNTRY. By Michael Langley. Philosophical Library. $4.50. The country in question is the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, where custom visits such indignities upon women that by the age of thirteen, when they

"One of the all-too-infrequent books for which I want to beat drums and raise banners."
—LLOYD MORRIS

The Guests of Summer

A Novel by **HILDE ABEL**

● "Miss Abel is to be ranked among the most accomplished of our new generation of novelists. Her insight into character is profound and subtle. Her ability to evoke the sensuous world is extraordinary. And the sheer beauty, the unusual precision of her prose are a constant joy to the reader . . . Miss Abel, carrying on the tradition of Virginia Woolf and Willa Cather, gives promise of becoming an artist no less distinguished."—LLOYD MORRIS

● "It is a deeply moving, personal story written with the disciplined craftsmanship of a play. It is one of those rare occasions when an author has succeeded in transmitting her meaning in life and her place in the world."
—*N. Y. Times Book Review*

● "Hilde Abel has described an important cultural conflict through human temperaments that are vital and complex. This is the method of the artist, and this is an excellent book by a young writer of distinction."
—MAXWELL GEISMAR

● "Here is dramatized the chronic diaspora of the Western Jew . . . Significant on a variety of levels, THE GUESTS OF SUMMER represents an impressive technical accomplishment . . . The style is lyric, catching the most unexpected and revelatory nuances . . . It should secure her place among our able and thoughtful writers."
— FREDERIC MORTON, *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

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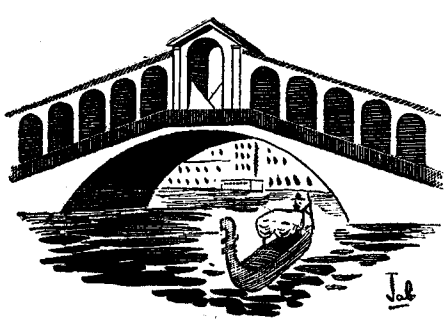
are ready to marry, they are a dull, dispirited lot, fit for a subservient life. Says Mr. Langley, it is the most disagreeable country in the world in which to be born a woman, but from his adventures it doesn't appear so agreeable for men either.

The book is a record of personal travels over a nine-months' period, with the author setting down the local peculiarities as they vary from province to province and hitting some of the high historical spots. He provides an interesting recollection of the Battle of Omdurman in 1898 between 60,000 Dervishes and the Army of Lord Kitchener—which included Mr. Winston Churchill, who kept himself occupied with a pair of Mauser pistols. There is also an interesting portrait of rumor-ridden Khartoum, which, deep in Africa, is as Russia-conscious as Joe McCarthy.

THE SUNDAY TIMES TRAVEL AND HOLIDAY GUIDE: The Continent of Europe. Edited by Leonard Russell and Elizabeth Nichols. British Book Centre. $2.50. For its price this pocket-sized encyclopedia of travel information on Europe is one of the best guides on the market. Its maps are far better than average, and it has all the usual assortment of fares, flying times, language aids, and the rates of exchange as of January 1, 1951. And beyond that its treatment is candid and often sparkling, particularly in the large section on France. For example, "The scene in the crowded carriages of a third-class train after an all-night journey resembles nothing so much as the sack of Atlanta as described in 'Gone with the Wind'!"

The editors have had trouble keeping the pace, and by the time we're in Italy the coverage becomes slightly uneven. There is elaborate treatment of the tiny resort of Calvi on Corsica but no listing of important hotels and restaurants in Venice. And the editors have found it necessary to report on Iceland, Yugoslavia, Cyprus, and Malta—yea, even East Africa—at the expense of adequate data on Western Germany and Holland. But when it's good it's very good, and if your tour is along the well-worn paths, and particularly if you're budget-minded, this is for you. —H. S.



PERSONAL HISTORY

(*Continued from page* 17)

exuberant belief in himself and his work.

Here is the record, inspiring and inspiriting, of a truly noble character, the stuff of which literature is made. Here, too, is the record of a keenly observant mind, the stuff of which science at its best is made. Father Buliard's notes on the Eskimo language are both interesting and valuable. His geographical observations are as worthy (which is more than can be said of Mgr. Fulton J. Sheen's Introduction to the book, in which he locates the Aleutian Islands in Bering Strait). His presentation of the history, habits, mythology, and general lore of the Eskimo is good and full enough to make a book by itself. Above all, this is a remarkable, highly entertaining narrative of genuine adventure. Not since "My Life with the Eskimo" has a better book come out of the Arctic.

A Great Abolitionist

THEODORE WELD: Crusader for Freedom. By Benjamin P. Thomas. New Brunswick, N. J.: Rutgers University Press. 307 *pp.* $4.25.

By Russel B. Nye

THE NAME of William Lloyd Garrison is almost automatically linked with the movement for abolishing slavery, but mention of Theodore Dwight Weld usually calls up no such associations. It was not until the work of the late Gilbert Barnes a few years ago that Weld came to be recognized as a powerful influence in the abolition movement. Though Barnes's estimate of him as "the greatest of abolitionists" may be open to question, it is clear that Weld was an extremely significant figure in the history of abolitionism, especially in its Western phases. This biography is the first full-scale treatment of him to appear since his death in 1895. It is a welcome one, for Weld's memory deserves to be kept green.

Actually Weld's participation in the abolition controversy covered only about a decade. He led the great exodus from Lane Seminary to Oberlin in 1834, served as abolitionist agent in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York, and edited propaganda for the American Antislavery Society after 1837, his own "Bible Against Slavery" and "Slavery as It Is" being the most effective publications of them all. In the "petition strategy" carried on by the Congressional abolitionists during the 1830's and 1840's he had an important behind-the-scenes part but after 1843 he virtually retired from the movement. His health was poor and his energy flagging, but, in reality, when abolition became no longer a moral crusade but a battle of political maneuver there remained no organized group with which he felt kinship. He was temperamentally unfitted for the political wing of abolitionism and, though he retained a connection with abolition societies, never quite trusted the leadership of Garrison and Tappan. He taught school, lectured, and except for a brief period during the Civil War never returned to active public life.

As Dr. Thomas points out, Weld's influence in the abolition crusade was out of proportion to the length of his service in it. He stresses, as Barnes has, the fact that Weld's effect upon anti-slavery thought was probably greater than Garrison's, especially in the West, but it is true that much of it was in many ways second hand. He helped found only one abolition society, though he laid the pattern for more than a third of all of them. The New York group evolved the doctrine of "gradual emancipation, immediately begun," but Weld's Lane debates and subsequent speeches clarified and spread it. The American Antislavery Society sent out the agents who abolitionized the West, but Weld trained them: at one time more than a hundred agents in the field were men and women who had received all or part of their training and inspiration from Weld. Giddings, Slade, Chase, Stanton, Birney, and others took abolition into politics, but Weld advised them, and Harriet Beecher Stowe drew heavily on "Slavery as It Is" to document "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

History's neglect of Weld is largely the result of his own wishes. He possessed an almost morbid modesty, fearing that public honor might lead to self-pride and divert him from his cause. "Passion for distinction," he wrote, "has lured many a man . . . from his peculiarly appropriate work." He was an individualist, working best alone and exerted his greatest influence as an individual.

Weld's war against slavery was motivated chiefly by his religious faith,

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which was founded on Charles Grandison Finney's doctrine of perfectionism. He was uninterested in the political-action groups that attracted Giddings, Birney, and Goodell, and relatively indifferent to the manual labor, pacifistic, no - government, come-outer, and other reform schemes to which the Tappans, Garrison, Pillsbury, Foster, and others occasionally subscribed. Weld considered them all "collateral principles" to the great cause of abolition. Slavery was sinful; he recognized other grounds for its abolition, but that it was against the laws of God was enough. The battle against slavery was to him a holy war, and he lived the ascetic life of a crusader, wearing rough clothes, living in a garret, turning half his meager salary back into the societies. Since Weld's objections to slavery stemmed directly from his theology, Dr. Thomas might have explained more thoroughly its relationship to the perfectionist doctrine of usefulness that originally brought him into abolitionist ranks.

However, Dr. Thomas rightly emphasizes something that previous writers on Weld have been inclined to miss—that Weld hammered first and always at the fact that slavery was based upon racial prejudice, a denial of both Christian and American ideals. He had no patience with colonization and other plans that seemed to him to overlook the basic problem of Negro rights. If the Negro were prepared to assume a responsible position in society his example would prove that slavery was wrong, Weld believed. In his insistence that abolitionism be founded upon first principles lay Weld's great contribution to his times. He reduced the argument to a single, simple issue: the Negro was a man, possessed of "the grand primitive principle of human rights," rights from which no man could be excluded.

Dr. Thomas, who is executive secretary of the Abraham Lincoln Association, brings to this book a thorough understanding of Weld and his times and a lively, readable style. His study is as complete a treatment of Weld as we are likely to have, and one that very ably fills a gap in the shelves of American biography.

Professor Russel B. Nye of Michigan State College won a Pulitzer Prize for his biography of George Bancroft.

Personal History Notes

ADVENTURES OF A TRAMP PRINTER, 1880-1890, *by John Edward Hicks. Midamericana Press, Kansas City, Mo.* $3.75. There is some good newspaper lore in these reminiscences, which set forth the details of Mr. Hicks's inky argosy through—hold your breath—Leavenworth, Topeka, Kansas City, Sedalia, Jefferson City, St. Louis, Hannibal, St. Joseph, Atchison, Omaha, Fremont, Lincoln, Deadwood, Cheyenne, Denver, Terre Haute, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville, Atlanta, New Orleans, Memphis, Little Rock, Burlington, Cedar Rapids, Dubuque, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul, Sioux City, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Ogden, Salt Lake City, San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, Butte, Detroit, Cleveland, Erie, Pittsburgh, Washington, New York, and Boston. Mr. Hicks could, but doesn't, describe himself as an all-around printer. Back in Topeka, he remembers, he got 25 cents a thousand ems, say $15 for a sixty-hour week.

BISCAILUZ, Sheriff of the New West. By Lindlely Bynum and Idwal Jones. Morrow. $3. Eugene Biscailuz was born in Los Angeles — population at that moment 14,000. That was in 1883. Today he heads the largest sheriff's office in the United States, with a personnel of 1,650 and a budget of $10,000,000. Leo Carillo said of him at a festivity in his honor: "He wears a heart instead of a badge." That is the theme of this narrative, which is concerned largely with Biscailuz's preventive and rehabilitation programs: the Honor Road Camps, the Wayside Honor Ranches, and the Youth Facility. Erle Stanley Gardner writes an introduction which characterizes Biscailuz as "warm and intelligent in his human relationships" and possessed of "courteous charm, a lightning-fast mind, a steel-firm will, and an intrepid personal courage." Sounds like the right man in the right place and well worth a book—a book, by the way, which avoids the easy technique of the case history and offers, instead, a straightforward account of the man, his job, and his constructive accomplishments.

HOW MY HEART SANG: The Story of Pioneer Industrial Welfare Work, by Lena Harvey Tracy. Richard R. Smith, New York. $3. Lena Harvey, born in Hare Creek, Pennsylvania, in 1860, taught school and thereby earned her way through Antioch College in Ohio and Union Christian College in Indiana. She became a deaconess in the Christian Church in Springfield and Dayton, Ohio and thus came to know John H. Patterson, progressive president of the National Cash Register Company. It was this meeting which led to that pioneering in industrial welfare work for which Mrs. Tracy here proudly and legitimately claims credit. Half of her reminiscences are concerned with her Dayton

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— *Gilbert J. Rich, M.D.*

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experiences, and they are supported by a striking assortment of contemporary photographs. In 1901 she was invited to become assistant to Dr. Henry A. Stimson of Manhattan Congregational Church in New York (uncle of Secretary Henry L. Stimson) and accepted. Mrs. Tracy died in 1941, leaving behind her these agreeable and heartening memoirs, now published under the sponsorship of her son, Stephen J. Tracy, Jr.

FOUR SCORE FORGOTTEN MEN: Sketches of the Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court. By Tom W. Campbell. Pioneer Publishing Co., Little Rock, Ark. $7.70. Here, assembled from secondary sources, are capsule biographies, accompanied by thumbnail portraits, of most of the men who have occupied the highest bench in the land. It has been Mr. Campbell's purpose in this labor of love "to restore these men to the realm of remembrance, from which most of them have vanished." While it is true that not every American schoolboy has the names of Gabriel Duvall, Philip P. Barbour, and John Catron on the tip of his tongue, "forgotten" seems a rather rugged modifier to apply to a group that includes Jay, Ellsworth, Story, Waite, Holmes, Stone, and Cardozo.

A prologue contains interesting collateral data. Of thirteen Chief Justices, only three had had previous service as Associates. Of hundreds of thousands of laws enacted by national and state legislatures, the Court has nullified only fifty-six national and 255 state laws. The Court has had two Rutledges, two Chases, two Lamars, and two Jacksons, but no Smith. Twenty-eight of the forty-eight states have contributed Justices (New York eleven, Ohio nine, Massachusetts eight). The correct title of the chief justice is not "Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States" but "Chief Justice of the United States."

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Sydney Carton, to Lucie Manette, in "A Tale of Two Cities." 2. John Harmon, concerning Bella Wilfer, in "Our Mutual Friend." 3. William Guppy, to Esther Summerson, in "Bleak House." 4. Mr. Toots, of his love for Florence, in "Dombey and Son." 5. Mrs. Nickelby, concerning the tokens of love from the crazy old man, in "Nicholas Nickelby." 6. David Copperfield, about Dora, in "David Copperfield." 7. Caddy Jellyby, about Prince Turveydrop, in "Bleak House." 8. Herbert Pocket, concerning Clara, in "Great Expectations." 9. Augustine Moddle, in a letter to Cherry Pecksniff, in "Martin Chuzzlewit." 10. Tony Weller, to Mr. Pickwick regarding widows, in "Pickwick Papers."

IN THE CRITIC'S HAMMOCK

(*Continued from page 14*)

"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"The Cruel Sea," by Nicholas Monsarrat (to be published August 6 by Knopf).
"The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger.

CLYDE BECK
Detroit News

General

"Collected Poems by W. B. Yeats" (Macmillan).
"Dominations and Powers," by George Santayana.
"A King's Story," by the Duke of Windsor.
"The England of Elizabeth," by A. L. Rowse (Macmillan).
"A Few Buttons Missing," by James T. Fisher and Lowell S. Hawley (Lippincott).

Fiction

"God's Men," by Pearl Buck (John Day).
"This Is the Hour," by Lion Feuchtwanger (Viking).
"The Smoking Mountain," by Kay Boyle (McGraw-Hill).
"The Ragged Ones," by Burke Davis.
"Rain on the Wind," by Walter Macken.

PAUL JORDAN-SMITH
Los Angeles Times

General

"Liberties of the Mind," by Charles Morgan.
"Powell of the Colorado," by William Culp Darrah (Princeton).
"Nature's Way," by Roy Chapman Andrews.
"The Laughing Philosopher: Being a Life of François Rabelais," by M. P. Willcocks (Macmillan).
"Dizzy," by Hesketh Pearson.

Fiction

"The High Calling," by James Street.
"Umberto's Circus," by Eduard Bass (Farrar, Straus & Young).
"The Clocktower," by Gordon McDonell.
"Doctor in Buckskin," by T. D. Allen (to be published August 22 by Harper).
"Mr. Smith," by Louis Bromfield.

AUGUST DERLETH
Madison (Wis.) Capital-Times

General

"The Roosevelt Treasury," edited by James N. Rosenau (Doubleday).
"The Later Ego," by James Agate (Crown).
"My Window Looks Down East," by Elinor Graham (Macmillan).
"After the Lost Generation," by John W. Aldridge.
"On the Green Carpet," by Robert P. Tristram Coffin (Bobbs-Merrill).

Fiction

"The Ballad of the Sad Café," by Carson McCullers.
"Man and Boy," by Wright Morris.
"The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger.
"The Watch," by Carlo Levi.
"The Best Short Stories of 1951," edited by Martha Foley (to be published July 10 by Houghton Mifflin).

PAUL FLOWERS
Memphis Commercial Appeal

General

"My Six Convicts," by Donald Powell Wilson (Rinehart).
"His Eye Is on the Sparrow," by Ethel Waters and Charles Samuels.
"The Vicious Circle," by Margaret Case Harriman (Rinehart).
"Florence Nightingale," by Cecil Woodham-Smith (McGraw-Hill).
"Rommel: The Desert Fox," by Desmond Young (Harper).

Fiction

"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.
"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"Jenkins' Ear," by Odell and Willard Shepard (Macmillan).
"The Pedlocks," by Stephen Longstreet (Simon & Schuster).
"The Age of Longing," by Arthur Koestler (Macmillan).

BEATRICE WASHBURN
Miami Herald

General

"Inuk," by Roger Buliard (Farrar, Straus & Young).
"A Flier's World," by Wolfgang Langewiesche (McGraw-Hill).
"After the Lost Generation," by John W. Aldridge.

Fiction

"Pray Love, Remember," by Stephen Wendt (Macmillan).
"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"The Ballad of the Sad Café," by Carson McCullers.
"Man and Boy," by Wright Morris.

H. RUSSELL AUSTIN
Milwaukee Journal

General

"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley.
"After the Lost Generation," by John W. Aldridge.
"Inuk," by Roger Buliard.
"A Few Buttons Missing," by James T. Fisher and Lowell S. Hawley.
"We Barrymores," by Lionel Barrymore and Cameron Shipp.

Fiction

"The Ballad of the Sad Café," by Carson McCullers.
"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"This Is the Hour," by Lion Feuchtwanger.
"The Far Whistler and Other Stories," by Warren Beck (Antioch).
"Mr. Smith," by Louis Bromfield.

JOHN K. SHERMAN
Minneapolis Star & Tribune

General

"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley.

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"The Sea Around Us," by Rachel L. Carson.
"Dizzy," by Hesketh Pearson.
"The General Who Marched to Hell," by Earl Schenck Miers.
"Memories and Portraits," by Ivan Bunin (to be published July 19 by Doubleday).

Fiction

"This Is the Hour," by Lion Feuchtwanger.
"Man and Boy," by Wright Morris.
"Umberto's Circus," by Eduard Bass.
"District of Columbia," by John Dos Passos (to be published August 6 by Houghton Mifflin).
"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.

MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS
Nashville Banner

General

"After the Lost Generation," by John W. Aldridge.
"The General Who Marched to Hell," by Earl Schenck Miers.
"The England of Elizabeth," by A. L. Rowse.
"India Afire," by Clare and Harris Wofford (John Day).
"Peace Can Be Won," by Paul G. Hoffman (Simon & Schuster).

Fiction

"Rain on the Wind," by Walter Macken.
"The Teahouse of the August Moon," by Vern Sneider.
"The Captain," by Russell Thacher.
"The Claybrooks," by Edwin G. Huddleston (Macmillan).
"The Island in Time," by Ernst Pawel (Doubleday).

MAX HERZBERG
Newark (N. J.) Evening and Sunday News

General

"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley.
"Joe Tumulty and the Wilson Era," by John Morton Blum (to be published July 10 by Houghton Mifflin).
"Miracle at Kitty Hawk," by Fred C. Kelly.
"Dizzy," by Hesketh Pearson.
"The MacArthur I Know," by General George C. Kenny (Duell, Sloan & Pearce).
"Inuk," by Roger Buliard.

Fiction

"Umberto's Circus," by Eduard Bass.
"The High Calling," by James Street.
"A Rough Shoot," by Geoffrey Household (Little, Brown).
"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"District of Columbia," by John Dos Passos.

VICTOR P. HASS
Omaha World Herald

General

"Liberties of the Mind," by Charles Morgan.
"The Age of Elegance," by Arthur Bryant.
"After the Lost Generation," by John W. Aldridge.
"Early American Gardens," by Elvenia J. Slosson (Coward-McCann).
"Cape Cod," by Henry David Thoreau (Norton).

Fiction

"The Enchanted," by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Pantheon).
"The Provincials," by John Cornish (Sloane).
"The Ragged Ones," by Burke Davis.
"The Raid," by John Brick (Farrar, Straus & Young).
"The Captain," by Russell Thacher.

JOHN D. PAULUS
The Pittsburgh Press

General

"Independent Member," by A. P. Herbert.
"Journey with Genius," by Witter Bynner (John Day).
"White Hopes and Other Tigers," by John Lardner (Lippincott).
"Paul and His Interpreters," by Albert Schweitzer (Macmillan).
"Three to Get Married," by Fulton J. Sheen (Appleton-Century-Crofts).

Fiction

"The Iron Mistress," by Paul I. Wellman (Doubleday).

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BLAME THE BARON *Anthony Morton* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $2.50)	Mannering, ex-cracksman extraordinary, now owner of Bond St. shop, finds it plundered of famous jewels—with murder in the strong room. The Yard suspects him but gives him short rope.	Delightful props of Sherlock Holmes tradition—plus perspicacious wife for a Watson and stepped-up pace—create literate nostalgia.	A breath-holder
THE KAHUNA KILLER *Juanita Sheridan* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Judith Cameron, returning to Hawaii, and keen foster-sister, Lily Wu, find dark trouble in hostess's house and murder in the native village.	Excellent style in handling realistic, though lush, local color, complex of races; authentic excitement and suspense.	Fresh, original, intelligent

—KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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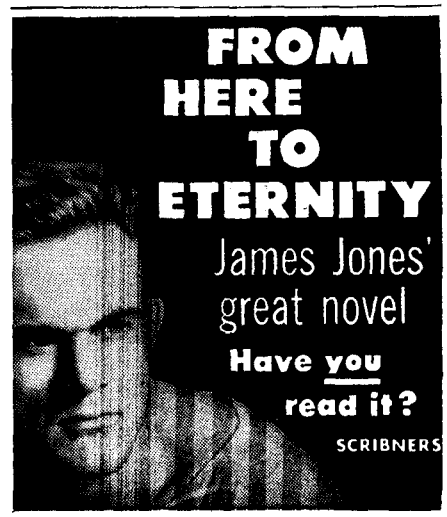

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"The Weight of the Cross," by Robert O. Bowen.
"The Dividing Stream," by Francis King (Morrow).
"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"Pray Love, Remember," by Stephen Wendt.

THOMAS B. SHERMAN
St. Louis Post-Dispatch

General

"The Journals of André Gide, Volume IV" (Knopf).
"Reunion and Reaction," by C. Vann Woodward (Little, Brown).
"Statement on Race," by Ashley Montagu (Schuman).
"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley.
"The Letters of Gustav Flaubert," selected by Richard Rumbold (Philosophical).

Fiction

"The Teahouse of the August Moon," by Vern Sneider.
"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"The Ballad of the Sad Café," by Carson McCullers.
"This Is the Hour," by Lion Feuchtwanger.
"The Caine Mutiny," by Herman Wouk.

JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON
San Francisco Chronicle

General

"A Soldier's Story," by Omar N. Bradley.
"A Flier's World," by Wolfgang Langewiesche.
"The Sea Around Us," by Rachel L. Carson.
"A Few Buttons Missing," by James T. Fisher and Lowell S. Hawley.
"Once Around the Sun," by Brooks Atkinson (Harcourt).

Fiction

"Man and Boy," by Wright Morris.
"The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger.
"The Innocence of Pastor Mueller," by Carlo Beuf (Duell).
"Traveller's Samples," by Frank O'Connor (Knopf).
"The Good Soldier," by Ford Madox Ford (to be published in September by Knopf).

LEE GROVE
Washington Post

General

"A Soldier's Story," by General Omar N. Bradley.
"The Sea Around Us," by Rachel L. Carson.
"Once Around the Sun," by Brooks Atkinson.
"The General Who Marched to Hell," by Earl Schenck Miers.
"The Collected Poems of William Butler Yeats."

Fiction

"The Watch," by Carlo Levi.
"The Catcher in the Rye," by J. D. Salinger.
"Horns for the Devil," by Louis Malley (Appleton-Century-Crofts).
"The Troubled Air," by Irwin Shaw.
"The Cruel Sea," by Nicholas Monsarrat.

CHEAPER THAN WATER

(*Continued from page 23*)

worthy end in itself, as against the argument that one set of differences was necessarily better than the other. Beyond that was always the intriguing possibility that we might be able to learn from each other.

"Very well," he said. "But do you agree that we do a much better job in the West in providing for our people than they do here?"

I winced, then tried to cover up with a smile. Here it was all over again. The English language we shared was being used as a medium for the acceleration of misunderstanding.

After an awkward moment of silence we both took refuge in our newspapers. On the first page of my paper I read that a Senate Committee headed by Estes Kefauver was investigating widespread corruption in the United States, indicating direct tie-ups between public officers and gangsters. The entire nation was shocked, apparently, by the extent to which local government was being used as a cover-up for gamblers and criminals who were operating with immunity and impunity both. A photograph atop the story showed three well-fed gamblers present at the hearings. They could read and write, presumably. They were obviously up to their ears in big money. Any of the yardsticks we apply so mechanically to the peoples of the East would have shown them at an advantage.

In an adjoining column, prominently headlined, was the story of college basketball stars who had been bribed by gamblers to throw important intercollegiate games. Several of them indicated that there was nothing unusual about this, that it had been going on for some time, and that most people "in the know" just assumed that some of the games were fixed. One of them deeply regretted betraying his school but said it was difficult to turn his back on that kind of money. He wasn't discarding all values; he was merely putting one set above another. He lived in an environment where one's standing in the community-at-large was more frequently measured by the car you drove, the clothes your wife wore, the liquor you dispensed at your parties, and the clubs you belonged to than by the things you thought and felt deeply about or by your natural talents or your loyalties and ethics. If making $1,000 a week was the big goal and the platinum yardstick, then the important thing was not how you got it but that you had it.

Were these warped values his alone, or was he merely reflecting the warped values of the community of which he was a part? Once again I wondered whether these boys might not rate high on most of the counts made against the Indian people by the gentleman on my right.

A third story told of the record number of income-tax violators. In particular, the news item mentioned a manufacturer who had hired a battery of lawyers and accountants for the express purpose of finding and stretching loopholes through which the manufacturer could pass. The manufacturer was outraged that the Government should "pick on me." He had done nothing that everyone else hadn't done or tried to do. And in a sense he was right. We were living in a sort of loophole civilization where almost everyone took loopholes for granted. The moment a law was passed the job of the lawyers was to get around it.

I WAS tempted for a moment to cite these three news items by way of suggesting to my traveling companion that the concern of the good society might go somewhat beyond the size of an individual's waistline or his bank balance. Moral standing, cultural standing — weren't these valid yardsticks too? I wasn't being critical of my own country — corruption and greed were not the exclusive problems of any single nation; I wanted to clinch my original argument about the need to break away from the provincialism of making assumptions about a natural superiority or inferiority of one people as against another.

I wanted, too, to make the point that, though one could buy human life more cheaply than almost anything else in the East, this in itself didn't mean that one was dealing with inferior merchandise. Maybe we were judging the wrong party when we came to harsh conclusions about the person who sold himself at such a low price. Maybe there was something wrong with the buyer and his values.

As I say, I was tempted to offer these arguments, but the plane was approaching for a landing at Calcutta, and there was too much fussing with safety belts and seat adjustments and random papers to attempt a serious discussion in the short time remaining. When we got off the plane my traveling companion said goodbye but not before patting me on the back and renewing his advice about watching my step in front of my hotel. Scabrous beggars, you know. —N. C.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER ALBUM NUMBER NUMBER OF RECORDS	*Recording Technique, Surface* ENGINEERING	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT

LP MARCHES ON

GEN. MACARTHUR'S REPORT TO CONGRESS, APRIL 19, 1951. a) RCA Victor LP: LPM 5 (10″) b) Columbia LP: PL 4410 (12″)		▶ These (plus other versions) launch new type of news-documentary. Rushed to stores in a few days, the records were "hot" news, like film and TV newscasts. Being repeatable, they offer new values, turn gradually into historical documents. The close-up of the General gives revealing glimpse of his moods, character, as well as his ideas. Valuable for anyone who wants to be informed. The RCA version, hi-fi, wins hands down; Columbia is dull-toned.
"THE QUICK AND THE DEAD." Vol. 1, "The Atom Bomb"; Vol. 2, "The Hydrogen Bomb." Bob Hope, W. L. Laurence, etc. (From NBC Broadcasts.) RCA Victor LP: LM 1129; 1130.		"Educational" broadcasts of unprecedented length, these were essentially dialogues between W. L. Laurence, top journalistic authority on the subject, and Bob Hope as foil and fall guy, plus frequent quotes and impersonations of various notables, newscasts. Slow moving; Laurence's accented oratory is sincere but clumsy, Hope's hopisms forced, his role a bit foolish throughout. Splendid exposition of vital civilian information, but labored; it could be (for record buyers) far more adult, streamlined.
"FRENCH WITH PICTURES." I. A. Richards, M. H. Isley, Christine Gibson (with Pocket Book of same titles). Distr. by Ed. Services, 1702 K St. N.W., Wash. D.C. (2 LPs, with Pocket Book)		▶ The first LP language recording—and about time! (Cumbersome and expensive 78 shellacs are inexcusable now.) This is simplicity itself. The Pocket Book Series teaches basic language phrases, without English, via clever line drawings; narrator here simply speaks the text of the book's pictures, page by page, with pauses for your repetition. Two LP's make for leisurely and thorough coverage. Carefully worked out, the book is nicely humorous and the French reader is excellent, adding his own sprightly humor to necessarily over-simple and monotonous phrases—you are tempted (and directed in notes) to mock him, exaggerate his (correct) mannerisms! Recording good, though highs dullish. Spanish is next.

QUINTET AND SEXTET—DVORAK, BRAHMS

DVORAK: QUINTET IN E FLAT, OP. 97 (two violas). Budapest Quartet, Milton Katims. Columbia LP: ml 2173	▶ These two are not unlike, both top-quality string recordings, wide range. The Budapest (U.S.-made?) is slightly closer, drier but not too dry; the Viennese recording is warmer. Good specialized "hi-fi" material for fancy outfits; try double bass pizzicatis for transients.	Happiest small-ensemble for Dvorak—"chamber music," yet with larger canvas for his lilting Bohemian rhythms, sweet melodies. Op. 97 is the most enjoyable here. Op. 77, with Schubert-like double bass, an early work, is more turgid, Brahmsily constructed; many good stretches. The Piano Quintet, another breed, has Brahms-like harmonies, a light, Schubert piano. Excellent performance in this old recording, reissued.
DVORAK: QUINTET IN G, OP. 77 (double bass). Vienna Concert House Quintet. Westminster LP: WL 5026		
DVORAK: QUINTET IN A FOR PIANO AND STRINGS, OP. 81. Jan Herman; Ondricek Quartet. Mercury LP: MG 10043.	▶ From older 78 discs; adequate, though minus highs, the piano thumpy, rather thin.	
BRAHMS: QUINTET #1 IN F (two violas). Vienna Concert House Quintet. Westminster LP: WL 5027	▶ One of a few Westminsters not processed by Columbia, this has sharply pre-emphasized highs. Big, orchestral liveness, brilliance, excellent for the music.	For Brahms five strings allowed ultimate richness of contrapuntal chamber music sonority; this is his finest, the untroubled, lyric sort, in a wonderful playing.
BRAHMS: STRING SEXTET IN B FLAT, OP 18. Vienna Concert House Quintet, Guenther Weiss. Westminster LP: WL 5063	▶ More recent, processed by Columbia, this has noticeably milder (and more satisfactory) highs. Slightly less live, closer, than Quintet above. Top recording.	One more string—and this is a dark-colored, homogenous sound, nearly small-orchestra. Early Brahms, lyric, quiet, modest; related to Serenades.
BRAHMS: PIANO QUINTET IN F MINOR, OP. 34. Clifford Curzon; Budapest Quartet. Columbia LP: ml 4336	▶ Velvet close, bass-heavy piano plus sharp strings make this a satisfying if unusual recorded sound.	Mannerly, expressive playing of the famous Quintet, making up in exquisite discipline for somewhat cool fire, metronomic tempi. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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OUR COLLEGES ARE LOSING THEIR MINDS

(*Continued from page 8*)

together and create nearly 10,000,000 postwar jobs—and doing it so fast and so easily that the left-wingers' prediction of a drastic postwar depression never came to pass. This is precisely the same kind of process needed to bring about a working solution now posed by new needs for effective liaison between the business world, the academic world, and the sundry parts of their mutual socio-economic milieu—the community.

LET US take Antioch College at Yellow Springs, Ohio, as an example. Since 1853 Antioch has served society at large in the typical pattern of an American college, but in the process it has become especially useful to the more immediate community or society around it—let us say up to a practical geographic radius of 100 miles. It has also built up a larger community of contacts among the wide-ranging enterprises and institutions that have been built and are manned by its graduates. There is ample proof of these relationships in the fact that today Antioch's students are currently employed in 400 organizations in thirty states. (Antioch follows the policy of mixing actual work experience with its educational curriculum, both for economic as well as academic reasons.)

Antioch's realistic president, Douglas McGregor, himself a social scientist who practised business consulting while at MIT, puts it this way: "We find it entirely possible to locate worthwhile employment for students in every field of endeavor from the creative arts to the physical sciences. . . . I have felt for some time that a major weakness . . . is that our faculty does not have similar experiences . . . I have wondered whether we could not work out a plan of cooperative employment for at least a portion of our faculty. Perhaps we could have a dual faculty which would alternate between a year at the college and a year in industry, business, or government.

"Such a plan would not only be tremendously valuable in holding together faculties which have been built up with care over many years; it would increase the teaching competence of those faculty members immeasurably. While at first blush one does not conceive of easily obtainable employment for professors in fields such as literature or philosophy, our experience with students indicates that there are such possibilities. Art museums, publishing houses, advertising firms, foundations, special service organizations, etc., provide a wide variety of potential sources of employment which should be looked into. . . . If companies are genuinely interested in aiding independent colleges to remain in business they might undertake the experiment. . . . It would not necessarily follow that the professor would need to leave the campus. There are projects which could be carried out right on the college premises, and there are undoubtedly many positions which would involve the faculty member in commuting to nearby centers but would leave him based at home."

I may be prejudiced by ten years of experience as a catalytic agent for bringing businessmen, community leaders, and academicians together on projects affected with a public interest, but Dr. McGregor's beliefs and observations strike me as eminently practical. I submit, further, that it would take nothing more complicated to put them into action than a meeting called for the purpose.

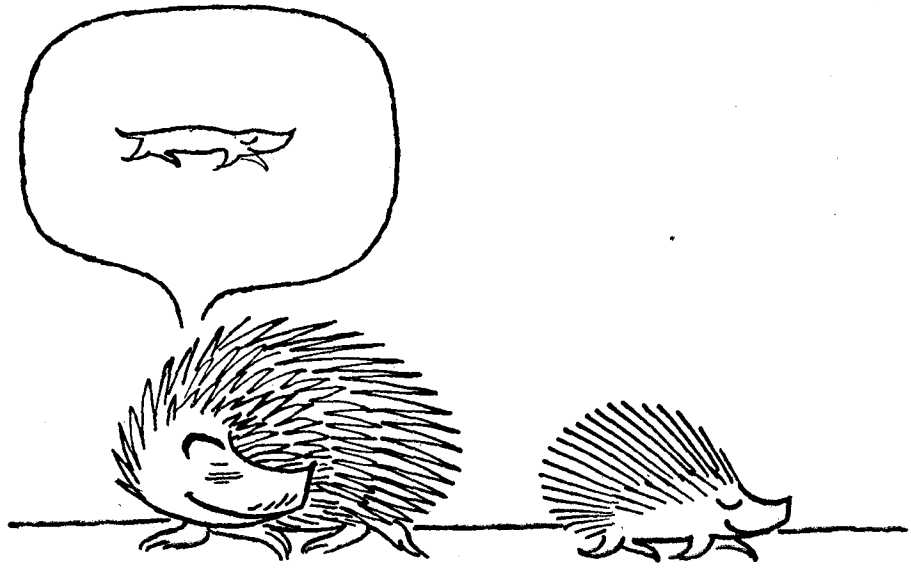
Such a meeting attended by ten business executives, ten community leaders, and ten faculty men — all Antioch-oriented—could probably discover enough worthwhile work and the wherewithal to pay for it to keep usefully employed all of the intellectual talent that Antioch will otherwise lose, if it must stay exclusively in the student-teaching business in the months or years ahead.

Nor can I think of another college or university in the country where similar meetings would not begin to produce the same results. Obvious? Yes, and some such meetings are already taking place. But most of these candles of working experience remain under the bushel, while we do nothing more than bemoan the fact that "something should be done."

In urging their exposure as useful examples—and the widespread urgency of many such action programs—I am again reminded that in 1944 there were only three pilot experiments with local Committees for Economic Development—in Peoria, Illinois, Wheeling, West Virginia, and Lancaster, Pennsylvania. By the end of the war there were 3,000 local CEDs manned by over 100,000 business, community, and academic leaders. They had mutually discovered at least 10,000,000 new postwar jobs. And, what may be more important, they had rediscovered the vitality of community initiative when it comes to getting something done in our free, voluntary society.

In this present crisis facing our colleges and universities is a fresh challenge of precisely the same nature. What an excellent time to put such proven and practical experience to work! It would pay off now and it would keep on paying off as the succeeding graduation days of the future turn out men and women who must try to remain people in an age of mechanized destruction.

Millard C. Faught is a New York management consultant and the author of "Economic Problems in the Community" and "Some Billion Dollar Questions About Television." He received his A.B. and Ph.D. from Columbia University and has been long concerned with education in its relation to social problems. He is at present preparing a book on television's effect on our educational processes.



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GAMBLIN' GAL WANTED! Tiny, unusual North Jersey ad agency on verge of prosperity needs bearcat on detail to gamble present services on future possibilities. Steno, keep simple books, organize details, double in brass on everything. Personable enough for contact. Conscientious enough to work without supervision. Can't possibly know anything about our work, so horse sense and imagination more important than vast experience. Staff agreeable, intelligent, but insane from doing own detail, and working conditions not as good as we'd like. Never a dull moment and right gal can write her own ticket. Blush to admit can only pay $50, but will share profits if any. Ramble as much as you like on hopes, ambitions, etc., but include all vital facts; we'll read anything up to 5,000 words avidly. If you're crazy enough to want to join us, we'd like to know why. Snapshot not necessary but would be interesting. Tell all to: Box 990-G.

PERSONALS

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $10.43 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 23-August 10, 1951. Write for information.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS WORKSHOP, Fifth Session, John Holmes, Director, July 23 to August 10. Fiction: Margaret Widdemer. Non-fiction: Carl Carmer. Poetry: John Holmes. Writing for Children: Mrs. Carmer. Each course $20 with one manuscript conference. Editing club magazines: Anne Passel, July 23-27, $5. Associate staff, David Morton, Charles Abbott. Write Mrs. Ruth Skinner, Registrar, Chautauqua, N.Y., for 1951 Writers Workshop Bulletin giving full details of courses, fees, housing.

VERSATILE MALE, slightly unconventional, would like female correspondence. Box 59-H.

50¢ DOLLAR can be stretched by getting top-value accommodations at the BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, NYC, where you can combine comfort, cleanliness and convenience with economy. Excellent popular-priced restaurant and coffee shop. NYC's only hotel overlooking United Nations and East River. Fine clientele; attentive staff. Singles from $3.50 to $6.50, doubles from $6.50 to $11; special weekly rates. Request booklet S. BEEKMAN TOWER HOTEL, 49 St. and First Ave.. NYC 17; ELdorado 5-7300.

MALE SECRETARY, experienced, M.A. English, desires unusual work. Box 116-H.

SUMMER COTTAGE, completely furnished, island of North Haven, Maine. July, Aug. Rent. 14 rooms, 3 baths, gas stove, electric refrigerator, automatic pump, spring water, telephone. 40 acres, private beach, superb view entire Penobscot Bay. Box 35-H.

FOR RENT—small cottage, private estate; 2 adults. $500 season—weekends $300. Box 128-H.

WORK OR LOAF in country amidst old pines; 15 miles George Washington Bridge. Spacious rooms, fine food, reasonable. PINE MANOR, Montvale, N.J. —Park Ridge 6-1271.

I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

B.A., M.A., Ph. B., degrees by home study. Previous credits recognized. Undergraduate and graduate studies. Registrar, FREMONT COLLEGE. State Chartered. Santa Fe, New Mexico.

WANTED: One elegant lady, attractive, smartly dressed, of superb taste, to meet one lovely cultured pearl strand, the identical twin of $7,500 Oriental Pearl Strand. Not even our mother, the living oyster, can tell us apart—only a laboratory test can do that. And I can be had for only $49.75, thousands of dollars less than my nearest relative. Not only am I a wonderful investment, but I come with a cheerful money-back guarantee. Apply: RICHTER'S JEWELERS, 585 Fifth Ave. at 48 St., NYC, or write there, Dept. S-6.

SUNWORSHIPPER invites young, unstuffy, freethinking, literate, feminine correspondence. Box 770-G.

JOAN S.—We chose MANHATTAN STORAGE & WAREHOUSE CO. to move us because of the excellent job they did for Mary. When you sign your lease, Phone Mr. Star, REgent 4-6700 (NYC) for a FREE estimate.

LADY, refined, well-traveled, lover of the arts, seeks correspondence with sincere, mature gentleman. Box 873-G.

RELAXATION — STIMULATION — Sports, creative workshops, discussions under Jean Piccard, Pierre Bellmann, Boris Stanfield, Calvin Claudel and others. ELAN International Center, Vancouver Island, B.C., Canada. Box 54-H.

LONESOME young man wants to correspond with friendly people. Box 165-H.

B.A. (male), 24, intelligent, wellbred and versatile, wants interesting job. Europe preferred, but will consider anything. Box 166-H.

YOUNG MEN share college graduate's homelike midtown Manhattan apartment vacations or weekends. Reasonable. Box 167-H.

YOUR ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS, furnished summer home now. Heat, electric kitchen, fireplace, privacy. Full season $500. Telephone 497. Parsons, 9 Briarstone.

(Continued on page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued fro mpage 49)

SIMPLE FARMHOUSE, quiet locality, edge northern Maine wilderness, available summer rental. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths, 6 fireplaces, electricity, telephone. View of lake and hills; swimming, canoeing. Write Robert E. Mathews, Law College, Ohio State University, Columbus. References desired.

CHARMING Scottish lady and lovely daughter (24) desire jolly vacation. Box 920, 159 East 34 St., NYC.

SPECIAL SUMMER RATES. June-Sept., minimum 2 weeks, $40 weekly with meals, in famous golf resort hotel in North Carolina Piedmont. Price includes all recreational facilities except golf. College libraries nearby. Booked solid July 8-22. Write SEDGEFIELD INN, Greensboro, North Carolina, for reservations or folder "O."

WOMAN, SCIENTIST, LAB TECHNICIAN, M.D., or nurse; intelligent pioneer type. Please write male, Box 744-G.

TEMPORARILY UNINSPIRED POET. If still interested in source of inspiration, please write Box 193-H.

SUMMER COTTAGE FOR RENT July 7 to Sept. 10, on Ridgefield Lake. Completely furnished, 2 bedrooms, large porch, 2 row boats, ample grounds. $800. Telephone Greenberg, PLaza 9-1450 (NYC).

EX JUNIOR LEAGUER would like to correspond with middle-aged gentleman. Box 195-H.

GOING TO EUROPE? Need a governess, tutor, companion? Experienced college graduate will assist you. Box 196-H.

YOUNG WOMAN seeks sincere correspondence from either sex. Box 185-H.

WRITER'S large apartment, Manhattan, available; piano, library; sharing considered. Box 186-H.

PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS. Decorator's 9-room, charming house, on water, 2 baths, 2 kitchens. 49 Commercial St. Telephone 966W.

ATTRACTIVE GENTLEMAN, 20, sophisticated, witty, traveled, available as guide or companion, anywhere. A man of letters. Some college. Write Box 189-H.

TO RENT, vicinity Columbia, 2-room apartment, July, Aug. Box 190-H.

LONELY COSMOPOLITE seeks correspondence with lonely girl interested in art and music. Box 191-H.

MAINE RENTAL. Summer cottage near Mt. Desert available July 15. 2 double, 2 single bedrooms. 2 baths, porches. Woods and shore frontage. $300 per month. Give references. Box 177-H.

LONELY college science student with many other intellectual interests, invites correspondence from sincere young lady. Box 180-H.

LAKE-FRONT COTTAGE, 3 bedrooms, modern conveniences, insulated, fireplace, completely furnished, boat, garage, $7,500. John A. French, Florida, N. Y.

YOUNG MAN with lust for life invites correspondence. Box 182-H.

FOR RENT. Maine waterfront 3-bedroom furnished house, $300. Box 183-H.

MOUNTAIN COTTAGE near Montreal. Picturesque Laurentian area. Aug. 1 through Labor Day, $350. All electric facilities. Boat included. Reply Box 184-H.

SARATOGA VICINITY: Accommodations for 1, 2 congenial couples; small country home, quiet, scenic. References. Box 230, Stillwater, N. Y.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, interested in friendly contacts through correspondence with persons who are free thinkers. Box 171-H.

GIRL, friendly, with varied interests, invites sincere correspondence. Box 175-H.

YOUNG HOST will receive young men on his estate of 1,500 acres in the Irish Republic. Swimming, tennis, riding, relaxing. Old world atmosphere. Rates from £1 to £3 (pounds) a day. Box 164-H.

UNCONVENTIONAL, tolerant male in interesting profession seeks stimulating correspondence. Box 159-H.

OWNERS offer friendly English hospitality at an early Georgian mansion near Bath and Salisbury. Main railroad London; own car service. Clyffe Hall Hotel, Market Lavington, Wiltshire, England.

JUST OUT of East Blue Hill, Maine, on the Surrey Road, 8 miles from Ellsworth, you can buy 40 acres of woodland with cleared hilltop building site. Unobstructed view of ocean and mountains on Mt. Desert Island. Only $2,000. Write Linwood B. Leach, East Blue Hill.

PERSONALS

WANTED: Individualist families of liberal education for independent colony experiment. Box 162-H.

MATURE professional woman invites correspondence from engineer, business or professional man. Box 151-H.

MATURE LADY, charming, versatile, sincere, invites sincere correspondence from mature males. Box 152-H.

POSITION WANTED as governess or companion, involving travel. Box 153-H.

ANY ESPECIALLY QUIET, beautiful vacation spot on California-Oregon coast Box 154-H.

GENTLEMAN invites correspondence young lady interested in studies of human character. Box 155-H.

WOULD very lonely, understanding, unpretentious miss write very lonely clean-cut chap? Box 156-H.

FOR SALE: Autographed portrait of Grover Cleveland —Jacques Reich. Remarque Proof 1. Box 157-H.

MEDICAL STUDENT desires interesting summer work in NYC area. Box 142-H.

WOMAN, desiring new horizons, invites correspondence mature stable gentleman. Box 143-H.

WOULD physician, psychologist or other professional man write young professional girl interested in books, music, psychology, hiking, travel. Box 144-H.

FOR RENT, July, August; furnished, insulated house, small village 70 miles, N. Y. Beautiful scenery and summer theatres nearby, $300. 14 Orchard Heights, New Paltz, New York.

MAN seeks correspondence from a charming and sincere woman. Box 149-H.

PROFESSIONAL MAN, fond of the arts and Paris in the springtime, invites correspondence of liberal, feminine miss, lighthearted or serious. Box 150-H.

YOUNG TEACHER desires travel as governess here or abroad. Can drive. Box 146-H.

LONDON honors, B.A., fluent French, Italian, qualified ballet and nursery school teacher, wants home child care position, vicinity Harvard Square. Box 147-H.

ITALIAN, wonderful poet would correspond with freethinking girl. Box 133-H.

TREES, PRIVACY: retreat near New Orleans, comfortable unfinished house 16x28, detached studio, simple furniture, insulation, gas, electricity, telephone, lot 75x323, adjacent college; $3,000 to writer. Swenson, 46 West 17 St., NYC.

BEACH, culture minded, airy furnished Brooklyn apartment sublet. Piano. Box 136-H.

CAPE COD. Completely furnished cottage on largest lake in Massachusetts. Box 138-H.

LADY, interested books, music, travel, will join small automobile party on 3 to 4 week trip. Does not drive. Box 139-H.

CHARMING, cultured lady wishes to correspond with refined, mature gentleman. Box 140-H.

TRAVEL RIGHT: Write for free information. ARNOLD TOURS, 236A Clarendon, Boston, Mass.

PORTIA faces dull life. Invites interesting masculine correspondence to brighten it. Box 199-H.

COMPANION-WRITER, wide cultural and college background, conscientious, efficient. Seeks position as lady's companion. Box 158-H.

AFRAID TO LOVE? Tradition is O.K. for the frightened. But those really interested love jewelry by ARTHUR KING. See Collier's, June 23, page 28. Write for Folder SR, 679 Lexington, NYC.

VACATIONS

PEACE ON A WOODED HILLSIDE and Tanglewood Concerts within walking distance. Good food, good beds, tennis, swimming. MUSIC INN, Lenox, Mass.

WOODSTOCK INN, Woodstock, Vermont. The sporty 18-hole course of the Woodstock Country Club open to weekly guests without charge. Spacious accommodations. All sports. Full color folder. David Beach, Manager.

BERKSHIRES, SUN-INSIDE, Monterey: "Where cooking is an art and resting is a pleasure." Also transients, meals.

TANGLEWOOD and Jacob's Pillow close by. Swimming and boating from our private beach. Excellent tennis. LP record library. HOLIDAY INN on Laurel Lake, Lee, Mass.

VACATIONS

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

MERRIEBROOK, POUGHQUAG, NEW YORK. Peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. North Clove 2421.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2 Middlebury, Vt.

TOKENEKE INN, Darien, Connecticut. Ideal for quiet comfort. Excellent meals, good beds. Opens July 1. Reasonable.

SECLUDED COUNTRY HOME, view overlooking private pond. Home cooking, pleasant rooms. Write Mrs. Riddle, Box 31, Pepperell, Mass.

CANADIANA LODGE, Gravenhurst, Ontario (famed Muskoka Lake district) offers best in Canadian vacations.

SCRIBNER HILL FARM, Oxford, Maine. Lake, mountains, fine view. $40.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL. Lucullan food. Trout streams. Country splendor. Brandon, Vt.

KANDAHAR LODGE, Manchester, Vermont. Excellent accommodations. Swimming, private beach. Sports. Restful, informal. Library. Delicious meals. $38 weekly, up. Folder.

NAIDNI ON LAKE DUNMORE—a place of rare simplicity and charm for vacations any time of year. Booklet on request. Brandon, Vt.

SPLENDID VACATION SPOT, informal, friendly, home-grown food, water sports. BRIDGE ROAD FARM, Lake Bomoseen, Vt.

WEED FARM, East Montpelier, Vt. Informality, delicious food, superb landscape, all country joys. Circular.

PAYING GUESTS welcome at peaceful DALE VIEW FARM. Austro-American cooking. $30 weekly. Mrs. W. Karplus, Littleton, Mass.

CHANTERWOOD, Lee, Mass. Perfect for week-end or vacation on a lovely Berkshire lake. Rustic lodge and cabins. Excellent food, informal atmosphere, moderate rates. Tanglewood, Berkshire Playhouse, Jacob's Pillow nearby. Folder.

MOORLAND HOTEL, On-the-Ocean, Gloucester, Massachusetts. Sandy beach. Art colony. Excellent cuisine. Fishing (deep-sea and casting), tennis, golf. Cocktail lounge. Elevator. From $49 weekly. Folder S.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD ISLAND. I can help you find a place to rent or buy. William Frederick, Drawer Y, Vineyard Haven, Mass. Phone 721.

WANT TO GET AWAY from it all! PINE COVE, Hiram, Maine—out of this world in day's drive from NYC. 11 cabins and lodge, all overlooking lake. Private beach. Pine woods. Secluded. 3 miles to village. Wonderful food.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT amid New York's Finger Lakes region. All sports, cultural activities, fireside discussions, tranquil garden. Eat when and where you wish. Rates by day or week. 6 adult guests maximum. Box 163-H.

SOUTHERN BERKSHIRES, 125 miles NYC. Farmhouse, 70 acres fields, woodland. Excellent meals. Swimming 4 miles. Blueberry picking. Near Tanglewood music. $40. Handicrafts. STEPPING-STONE FARM, South Sandisfield, Mass.

The Hunter's WHITE OAK LODGE, Holderness, N.H., provides the best in informal country vacations, best of food, heated. Mrs. G. E. Hunter, Ashland, N.H., R.F.D. 1.

WOODHOLME—in the Adirondacks. A unique and a delightful lodge with a real, woodsy atmosphere. Accessibe only by boat or trail. American plan from $50 a week. A. W. Lawson, Inlet, New York.

Beth Gardner's BLYTHEWOOD on beautiful Loon Lake in the Adirondacks invites you to spend inspiring vacations. Theatre festival, Art and Dance instruction, all sports, modern accommodations. Write today for folder to BLYTHEWOOD, Chestertown, N. Y. or Betty White, 130 West 42 St., LOngacre 4-7533.

COME to SOUTHWIND for informal country living, sport facilities, private lake. Woodbourne, N. Y.

GLORIOUS MUSIC in the Berkshires at Tanglewood, July-Aug. For program, accommodations, write THE H. NINGERS, Canaan, N. Y.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 900

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

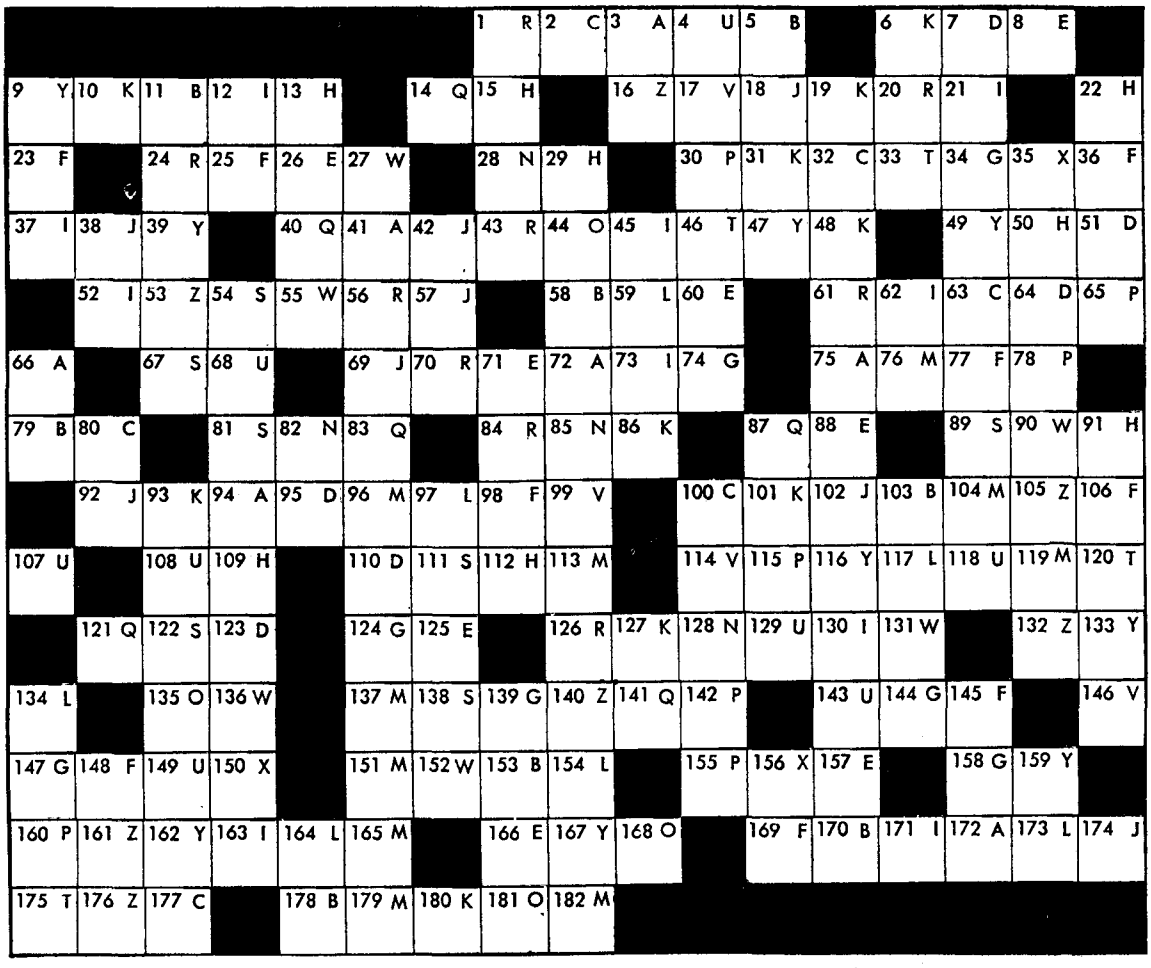
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To become accustomed to (2 wds.).	72 66 75 3 172 94 41
B. Rock in North Sea off Scotland whose lighthouse, subject of legends, was built by R. L. Stevenson's grandfather.	11 170 153 79 103 58 178 5
C. A heavy stick often of bamboo bound with iron (Anglo-Indian).	177 63 100 2 32 80
D. Strained pathetic effect.	64 95 110 7 51 123
E. To remove the epidermis of (a skin) as in making chamois leather (leather mfg.).	125 166 88 26 8 157 60 71
F. Danish arctic explorer and ethnologist (1879-1933).	106 77 36 148 169 98 23 145 25
G. One of the chief forms of Arabic and Persian script.	158 144 139 34 147 74 124
H. Russian-born bacteriologist, assistant to Pasteur in Paris; introduced inoculation vs. cholera, etc. (1860-1930).	50 22 15 109 13 112 29 91
I. Vague or general.	62 12 45 130 52 163 21 171 37 73
J. Twentieth President of the United States.	92 102 174 69 38 42 18 57
K. The source and upper part of a stream (usually in plural).	10 101 180 31 6 127 48 86 93 19
L. Middle name of author of "The Man Without a Country."	97 164 154 59 173 117 134
M. The old fundamentals of education (3 wds.).	137 104 182 96 76 151 179 165 119 113

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Dog-headed ape sacred to the god Thoth (Egypt. relig.).	28 82 85 128
O. English soldier and adventurer, author of "Newes from Virginia," which may have suggested scenes for Shakespeare's "The Tempest" (fl. 1610).	168 44 181 135
P. Flower, heraldic and national emblem of Scotland.	142 155 30 160 78 65 115
Q. Body of doctrine, theory, belief, etc.; used disparagingly.	14 83 87 40 141 121
R. Untrammeled (comp.).	126 70 84 1 61 20 24 43 56
S. Forest land cleared and converted to tillage; chiefly in English place names.	89 111 81 138 54 67 122
T. Attended with little difficulty or discomfort.	46 33 175 120
U. One voice alone (It.; music).	149 107 4 108 129 118 143 68
V. A shoot or sprout.	114 146 17 99
W. American economist and educator, president of Yale University, 1899-1921.	90 152 131 55 136 27
X. Tragedy by Euripides, based on founder of a Greek race.	35 156 150
Y. Dam and reservoir that help supply water to New York City.	47 133 49 39 162 167 9 159 116
Z. In racing and hunting, to start (2 wds.).	140 105 161 53 16 176 132

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 20 of this issue.

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From the Editorial Rooms of the BEACON PRESS, for 49 years atop Beacon Hill in Boston

For your information, for your appraisal—

Blanshard PRO AND CON

Paul Blanshard

PRO: from Newsweek

". . . The two books [*] should be read together. Blanshard's attack has nothing in common with the bigotry, the appeals to prejudice, or the superstitions that have disgraced American political writing on the subject since the days of the Know-Nothing Party. He writes with evident sincerity, with considerable scholarship, and always distinguishes between Catholicism as a religion and the church as an organization. The target of his attack is not the religion, but the authoritarian spirit of the organization, which he holds to be feudal and monarchical, stemming from Constantine rather than the teachings of Christ, evolving out of European conditions and habits of thought, and retrogressive in terms of American democracy. . . .

"*Communism, Democracy, and Catholic Power* is a study of authoritarian thought and practice as exemplified by the Communists and the political side of the church. It consists of thirteen chapters, one on the Kremlin's structure of power followed by one on the Vatican's structure of power, one on the Kremlin's thought control followed by one on the Vatican's thought control. Blanshard, of course, recognizes that there is a difference in kind between the two organizations, and while his purpose is plainly provocative, it does not seem basically unfriendly to Catholicism. He is rather contrasting the terrific increase in Communist authoritarianism with the steady decline of the Vatican's authority. . . .

". . . Blanshard holds that the Vatican is a liability rather than an asset in the war against Communism. He also believes that habitual, uncritical acceptance of superior authority leaves its followers unprepared to meet modern Communism. . . ."

NEWSWEEK, MAY 21, 1951

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CON: *from an official spokesman for the Hierarchy, Msgr. Thomas J. McCarthy,*

director, Bureau of Information, National Catholic Welfare Conference

". . . Blanshard's assumption that a distinction can be made between the church's religious life and what he chooses to call her 'system of power' underlies the whole thesis of his book. *Newsweek* accepts Blanshard's assumption without question: 'The target of his attack is not the religion, but the authoritarian spirit of the organization. . . .'

"Actually, Blanshard's target is the Catholic religion. The 'authoritarian spirit' which he fears and denounces derives from the staggering claims of the church herself.

"What is that claim? She stands before the world as an independent society, with a divine commission to teach men the way to God. In exercising that commission, she presents a body of revealed truth, a sacramental system, a moral code, a program of education and the means for continuing her administration. She refuses to confine herself to the sacristy and to administer solely to the devotional needs of her followers. She insists that the claims of God must be honored as fully as the claims of Caesar; and she will not abdicate to Caesar in those things which pertain to God. . . ."

LETTERS DEPARTMENT, NEWSWEEK, JUNE 4, 1951

CON: *Daily Worker*

"What Mr. Blanshard has done is to repeat every Trotzkyite, fascist and otherwise slander against the Soviet Union. Then when he has compiled this fake 'record' of Soviet 'totalitarianism' which no one may dispute on pains of being branded a subversive, Mr. Blanshard triumphantly produces evidence of Vatican reaction and declares, in effect: If you oppose this when it's Soviet, you must equally oppose it when it's Catholic. . . .

"In order to veil the source of capitalist power in the U.S., the fountainhead of the war camp, Mr. Blanshard does not speak about monopoly control of the means of production. Instead he dithers that 'the majority have the right to determine our future by free choice based on free discussion with certain inalienable rights guaranteed to minorities. Such freedom of choice is the only sacred thing in the unique mixture of nobility and egoism which we call Americanism, and it is the only thing which we have a right to use as a yardstick in measuring the Vatican and Kremlin.'

"Now that is just a not-very-unique mixture of mysticism and hogwash.

"For elsewhere in his book a forgetful Mr. Blanshard, in his eagerness to deal another blow to the Communists, let's slip what his private definition of American democracy really is.

"He writes: 'There is no such person in the whole Soviet educational system as a capitalist professor, since, by definition, a capitalist professor would be an enemy of the state. This latter fact is not usually emphasized by Communists in the United States when they demand freedom for anti-capitalist professors in American universities.' Poor Mr. Blanshard! In one careless phrase he exposes the fact that he, like J. P. Morgan and Harry Truman, identifies capitalism with democracy. But the American people do not. . . . ."

THE COMMUNIST DAILY WORKER, MAY 28, 1951

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